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BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. I.<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

*Introduction.*

Readers of my father's works will be familiar with the name of the Fairy Blackstick who lived in Crim Tartary some ten or twenty thousand years ago, and who used to frequent the Court of His Majesty King Valoroso XXIV. If I have ventured to call the following desultory papers by the Fairy Blackstick's name, it is because they concern certain things in which she was interested—old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc.

The writer cannot, alas! lay claim to the personal qualities for which Blackstick was so remarkable, although she can fully appreciate the illustrious lady's serious composure, her austere presence of mind, her courageous outspokenness and orderly grasp of events. Blackstick belongs to the utilitarian school of Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld. The lighter elegances of the Mrs. Chapones and the Laura Matildas of her day she put aside or left to other oracles. She had nothing to do with your tripping, fanciful, moonlight sprites and fairies (who waste so much valuable time and strength by dancing on the green and sitting up till cock-crow). But a wide and most interesting field remains, which was specially her own domain.

In the manuscripts of the 'Rose and the Ring' there was originally a rival fairy introduced as a contrast to our Fairy Blackstick whose good sense in the long run bore such good fruit.

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*The bad fairy was called Fairy Hopstick. She used to wheedle, and flatter, and tell lies, and she hated the Fairy Blackstick, and could not bear to be in her company. We are told how she seemed to shrivel up and disappear altogether under those sincere and searching glances.*

*There is a picture of Hopstick dwindling and dwindling while Blackstick watches her with a severe expression. I can still remember seeing the gold pen emphasising and darkening the lines of the shadows that brought out old Hopstick's paling and malevolent glare as she vanished in bilious spite. She had a great hook nose and hands like claws.*

*Whether this wicked old fairy voluntarily retired from the 'Rose and the Ring,' or whether my father found no pleasure in following her career I do not know, but it is certain that there is no mention of her left in the printed book. She will not be missed, and Heaven forbid that anyone should have to read, or anyone else have to write, a series of Hopstick Essays!*

*There is a pretty essay by Sainte-Beuve in which he says that he invokes the name of Madame de Sévigné at the beginning of his book as a sort of oblation, or votive offering, to propitiate the kindly gods; in the same spirit these little papers are placed under the kindly tutelage of the good fairy of the 'Rose and the Ring.'*

It seems a pity when books pass away, as they undoubtedly do, delightful books worthy to be remembered. One day everybody is reading them and living in their pages, then their voice is silent suddenly and heard no more among us; they are mysteriously shelved—forgotten—consigned to oblivion.

But sometimes as by a miracle, even after a century or two, such books are called back to existence again and raised from the dust, and their hearts seem to beat once more, and the time has come for their reincarnation. Then along with these books rise up the memories of the people whom they concern and of those who wrote them. The people, about whom they are written, seem once more to haunt the earth. Dear ghosts! coming with grace and tranquil dignity; whose presence is welcome and conveys no terror to our senses, whose influence is comforting, whose light shines from their past into our present. The earth which contained that which was once their very essence has crumbled away, but their souls seem to reach us still, and to come with a benediction. Those who in their life belonged to the army

of martyrs and who realised, too vividly for their own happiness, the jarrings and bitterness of life, seem to speak more calmly now and with authority being dead. There is a certain measure in their passion now, and their once grasp of the sting of reality and of long past emotion seems to bring present help to others who are still learning their lesson.

On the top shelf of a friend's bookcase I by chance laid my hand on a sober grey volume—nearly a hundred years old. It was born in 1817 in Albemarle Street, and Mr. John Murray stood godfather; it was christened by the familiar names of Haydn and Mozart; the handsome old book looks a little battered, a little yellow, but still spreads its good print and broad margins for our edification. Certainly for the present writer reading in it was a very fresh and fragrant experience, like that of gathering sweet herbs (rather than laurel and bay) out of one's garden.

The old book professes to be written by Monsieur C. Bombet, who discourses about people whom he has just seen, or who have left the world so recently that their presence seems actually felt within his chapters, and the voices reach one out of the page. The stories Monsieur Bombet tells of his friends, the musicians of the day, make one long to have known these enchanting centenarians, to have lived in the warlike yet harmonious times when Lulli<sup>1</sup> and Rameau and Marcello and Gluck and Haydn and Mozart were winning their great victories.

Composers still win victories and write charming music, but it remains to be seen what the final result will be. I doubt whether they compose their scores as some of them did in the days when we are told that Gluck had his harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow, and placing two bottles of champagne at either end, then and there devised 'Che Farò' for the delight of generations to come. The writer of these musical notes thus accounts for their publication.

'I was in Vienna in 1808,' he says, 'whence I wrote to a friend some letters respecting the celebrated Haydn, whose acquaintance an accidental occurrence had fortunately procured for me. On my return to Paris I found that my letters had acquired some celebrity, and that pains had been taken to obtain copies of them—I am thus tempted to become an author!'

<sup>1</sup> Lulli, 1633-1687; Rameau, 1683-1764; Marcello, 1686-1739; Gluck, 1714-1787; Haydn, 1732-1809; Mozart, 1756-1791.—W. A. L.

It is a little puzzling when a writer who habitually writes as someone else, still further proceeds to mystify his readers. Bombet announces himself as an 'inexperienced author' starting on his career; but, notwithstanding the bogus preface, he seems to have been not Bombet at all, but Beyle, better known as Stendhal, the author of many books—'Le Rouge et le Noir,' 'Vittoria Accoramboni,' and that striking history the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' founded on the author's early recollections of the Great Napoleon wars, and the state of things caused by them in Italy. Bombet—Beyle—Stendhal—then finds an English translator in no less a person than the editor of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' who adds notes when he sees occasion. Then, again, looking still further a-field, the *Biographie Générale* puts forward a new author's claims, Stendhal himself, says the dictionary, having originally translated the book from the *Haydine* of Carpani—it puts one in mind of the old nursery rhyme 'Out of England into France, out of France into Spain,' &c. &c.

But the real country to which the book belongs is the country of music. Music dwells in Vienna, says the author (whoever he may be), so did Haydn. Haydn was living as an old man in a suburb of Vienna, in a house standing in the middle of a small unpaved street where the grass grew; near the barrier of Maria Hilf, on one side of the Imperial Park of Schönbrunn. There he lived, 'surrounded by perpetual silence.' He might, if he wished it, end his days in the great Esterhazy Palace, but this quiet home is that of his choice. 'You knock at the door,' says his disciple; 'it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, the housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of stairs, and find yourself in the second chamber of a simple apartment, where a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, is absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him; he is in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees anyone enter, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognises his guest, and talks to him of his early years.'

It is something still to hear the echo of the small details which bring the picture so vividly before us. 'I have often seen Haydn,' says his biographer, 'when he was beating the time to his own music, unable to refrain from smiling at the approach of some passage which he was pleased with.' And the writer also goes on to describe, with a gentle malice, the amateurs

at the great Viennese concerts who 'dexterously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn, and regulate by his expression the amount of ecstatic applause by which they testified the extent of their raptures.' From the pages of *Consuelo* to those of *Bombet* we may follow Haydn's steady steps.

His early history is well known. What does not the world still owe to that good friend the peruke-maker who took the boy home when he was expelled from St. Stephen's choir at Vienna, and for very good reasons? His voice had broken: he had mischievously cut off the tail of a comrade's gown—he was no longer wanted. These were the reasons for which people acted then. Good Keller took him home, and after a time 'spoke to him on the subject of marrying his daughter.' Absorbed in his own meditations, dreaming of music and thinking nothing about love, Haydn made no objection.

Haydn wrote his first quartett in B flat at twenty. It made a great mark at the time; all musical amateurs learned it by heart, but it did not bring him riches. He was lodging in a house near the church of St. Michael at Vienna, and he paid for his board by giving music lessons to the landlord's two girls. In the room under Haydn's (who often had to pass his winter days in bed from want of fuel) dwelt Metastasio, the Italian poet, who also boarded in the family, and who dined every day with Haydn, and also taught him Italian. Metastasio had many powerful protectors; Haydn also found one friend not long after, in an old Count Esterhazy, in whose honour he composed a birthday symphony. This is the story as he told it himself to *Bombet*: 'The day of the ceremony being arrived, the Prince, seated on his throne and attended by his Court, interrupted the music in the middle of the first allegro, to ask who was the author of that fine composition. Some one caused the poor young man, all trembling, to come forward. "What," exclaimed the Prince, "is it this Moor's music?" (Haydn's complexion gave room for this sarcasm.) "Well, Moor, from henceforth you remain in my service." Then the Prince continued, "Go and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any more in this trim—you cut a pitiful figure; get a new coat, a wig and buckles; a collar and red heels to your shoes. Go your way and everything will be given to you."

Confused by the majesty which surrounded the Prince, Haydn kissed hands and retired to a corner—grieved, added he, at being

obliged to lay aside his natural hair and youthful elegance. He was second Professor of Music now, but his companions always called him the Moor.

But even Haydn's birthday symphony did not keep Prince Anthony alive. When he died, however, Prince Nicholas—his successor, who was also passionately fond of music—continued his protection. Every day Haydn had to compose a fresh piece of music for the Prince. About this time, when all was going well (it is like a fairy tale over and over again), Haydn was reminded by the peruke-maker that he had promised to marry his daughter Ann, and, being a man of honour, he kept his word. Alas! Ann was unsuited for an artist's wife. She was a prude, and only cared for monks and priests. We read that the poor composer's house was filled with them, and their noisy and edifying conversations interrupted his studies. To escape from his wife's reproaches he was obliged to supply all the various convents with motets and masses, for which he received no pay from the good fathers.

'Finally,' says Bombet, 'he separated from his wife, to whom, as far as money went, he behaved with perfect honour.' Here the editor of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' adds a note, and points out that the laxity of morals which prevails among musical men is held by some to be a serious objection against the art itself. One would have liked to think of Haydn and his barber's daughter happy in a peaceful home; but they were not happy, and when there is nothing else to be said, a moral sentiment is soothing to the feelings. At least we may hope that Mrs. Haydn was fond of music, and that she found some consolation in her husband's exquisite melodies for the jars and sorrows of her domestic life.

Did Consuelo now appear upon the scene?—Who shall say? Anyhow, after parting from his wife, Haydn returned to the Esterhazy family, and for thirty years worked on unintermittingly. 'Every morning he rose early, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the bedside. He was the inventor of symphonies, and there he was at his greatest. When he was old he said that whenever he felt the ardour of composition declining he would turn to his Rosary. 'When I was employed on the "Creation,"' he said, 'before I sat down to the pianoforte I prayed to God with earnestness that He would enable me to praise Him worthily.'

When, at seventy-eight, his hands could no longer hold the keys, he could still hold his Rosary and his soul was lifted upwards. In May, 1809, the French were cannonading Vienna, and four bombs fell close to the little house where the old musician still dwelt. His servants ran to him in terror. He reassured them, but he was taken ill and had to be put to bed. One day he had himself raised from his couch and carried to his piano, and striking the chords with his failing hands, he sang 'God preserve the Emperor,' three times, then he became insensible, and expired soon after. . . .

Then the little book winds up in a somewhat melancholy strain. The author proceeds to moralise, as his descendants still do, and says Mozart and Haydn are the last of the great race, that the darkness of mediocrity is upon the age! Such moralisings are calculated to cheer the impartial critic coming in a century or two later, and to suggest hope for those who have followed in the age of Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Weber, Brahms, and one other whose name I will not mention.

There is a pretty account of a visit from Lord Nelson to Haydn. Nelson, who greatly admired his music, asked Haydn for his pen, and in return gave him his own gold watch which he had many times carried into action.

*DR. CONAN DOYLE AND THE BRITISH ARMY.**A REPLY.*

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. N. MAUDE, LATE R.E.

DR. CONAN DOYLE is perfectly right in his contention that the defence of the Empire is the business of every able-bodied citizen and not only of a 'special warrior caste'; indeed, I am prepared to go further and to maintain that it is the business of every man, woman, and child in the country and not of the able-bodied only to contribute, by their lives, to the development of those qualities on which successful warlike operations ultimately depend.

'Every nation has the army it deserves,' to paraphrase Lord Beaconsfield's dictum about the Jews. If the sense of duty lies dormant in a race, and 'every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost' is the motto of its daily life, no 'warrior caste,' however devoted, can save it. This is the teaching of all military history, and the record of the Crimea is a case in point, for, but for the fact that in that instance our enemy was many times more corrupt than we ourselves, not all the heroism so brilliantly displayed at Balaclava and Inkerman could have enabled us to hold on throughout that terrible winter.

Has Dr. Conan Doyle ever considered the close analogy that exists between the bodily health of a nation in charge of its 'special caste' of physicians, and its moral health in charge of its soldiers?

Is it not a fact that not all the skill and devotion of the 'special caste' to which he belongs could save this country from the invasion of epidemics, plague, cholera, small-pox and the like, if it were unsupported by that attention to sanitary details which during the past century has gradually worked down into the daily practice of the whole community? In so far as the doctors triumph in their daily struggle with disease, is it not because they are helped in that struggle by the gradual spread of a knowledge of sound sanitary principles throughout every class of society? Let the same sound principles which lie at the root of the successful application of warlike forces be spread equally throughout the nation, and the 'warrior caste,' to keep to his phrase, will

soon grapple as successfully with its external human enemies as the physicians are at present in resisting, let us say, the small-pox—I wish one could add the influenza.

Let us pursue the analogy a step further. Dr. Conan Doyle is, I presume, sound on the vaccination question. Assume an outbreak of virulent small-pox, let us say at Gloucester, needing the despatch of a special corps of medical officers to combat the disease.

What would Dr. Conan Doyle and his colleagues say if a whole army of officers and other laymen descended on the town and hampered the work of the doctors by writing anti-vaccination leaflets founded on cooked statistics; and if 'The Times,' together with nine-tenths of the daily press, devoted leader after leader to advocate such unscientific views?

Now this is precisely what Dr. Conan Doyle and the press generally have been doing with regard to the army and the recent war in South Africa, and in selecting him as a target I have been influenced by the fact that he at any rate possesses a scientific training capable of understanding the train of causation involved, whereas I know from long experience that it is as hopeless to induce the average war correspondent or leader writer to make the intellectual effort necessary to grasp these problems in their full significance as it would have been to have tried to convince the man in the street a century ago of the true sequence of cause and effect in the practice of vaccination. I do not question their intellectual capacity, but I know, as a fact, that their daily existence leaves them no time for the concentrated thought military studies require if they are to lead to any useful end.

The art of the destruction of human life for purposes of the State rests on the application of as many sciences as the art of its salvation, whether wholesale or retail, but its exponents are handicapped nowadays by the comparative infrequency of military operations and the widely varying conditions under which they take place.

An army has to be designed to meet the greatest strain that can be brought upon it, and that occurs when, as at Waterloo, it is pitted against the most highly trained and disciplined forces of Europe.

If it can meet that demand, we can afford to put up with occasional friction in the moving parts when it is set to work on a task in which its full power is never required.

It has been to meet this emergency that all the best energies of our ablest men have been devoted for many years past, and the proportions of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, together with their tactics and armament, have been settled on this assumption. It is not therefore to be wondered at if, under the special circumstances of South Africa, the machine has been found to work stiffly. Surely we have heard of civil hospitals built to accommodate the average sickness of a district suddenly overwhelmed by an epidemic outbreak, and when that epidemic has been of a new and unusual description—influenza for instance—we know that a new method of treatment has had to be arrived at by the elementary method of trial and error.

Death, disease, and wounds, these are the only constant factors, and they are common to both professions, and however promising the use of quack remedies may seem, the wise practitioner, whether doctor or soldier, will think many times before he throws over the well tried principles of his profession.

The truth is that in war as in medicine, circumstances constantly arise in which the interests of the nation and the individual clash. It would, for instance, be very much easier to stamp out scarlet fever by the same summary methods we apply to swine fever or cattle disease—and it would not only be easier but far cheaper to the nation in human life in the end, but care for the individual overrides consideration of State, though every doctor can tell you at what a cost of suffering in the aggregate. In war the interest of the State demands the termination of the struggle in the shortest time at the least cost of life and resources. It does not in the least signify to the State whether it is John Smith or Henry Jones who loses the number of his mess, or whether he died by bullet wound or disease, but it does matter very materially whether the State has to mourn a collective loss of some thousands and bear the financial losses war involves, if the tacticians on the spot, either through ignorance or yielding to the pressure of public opinion, could not end the war because they were too busily employed in caring for the safety of the individual.

Now, the experience of centuries of warfare has conclusively shown that, provided there is any approach to equality in the conditions of armament, victory will fall to that side which will endure the heaviest loss without flinching, and possesses the requisite intelligence to assure combined action between its units; and all tactics

are based on the assumption that troops possess a certain amount of this endurance, which may be heightened to an almost incredible degree by the practice of certain exercises which we call drill, and which have nothing whatever to do with what volunteers call practical work, such as training at outposts, on the ranges, &c. This is a fundamental law of war arrived at by a chain of experiments as varied and numerous as those by which we have reached knowledge of the laws of gravity—we do not know what gravity is, neither do we yet know precisely how drill evolves discipline—it is simply a bed rock fact in human nature with which we have to reckon.

Further, we know, equally by experiment, that the most economical use of troops in battle is to exact from every unit which comes into action the maximum endurance of punishment it can bear whilst still remaining an organised entity, before yielding to its demands for reinforcements, for in no other way is it possible to ensure that when the climax of the fight arrives, fresh battalions will remain in hand to meet it. The correct appreciation of this point was the whole secret of Napoleon's success; all his strategy had but one end—to bring his adversary to a decisive battle, and then, by his mastery in the use of his reserves, to deliver the final knockout blow. What constituted him a genius as compared with the ordinary practitioner, was his gift of intuitively reading the collective will power of his own and his adversary's troops, instinctively divining the moment when reinforcement of the first became absolutely necessary, and when the latter's will power had sunk so low that the success of the final blow was assured.

These are the two fundamental principles on which the successful employment of troops in warfare must ever rest, and if you add to these a knowledge of the elementary fact well known to every physician, that 'Human suffering is not cumulative,' you have the fixed points on which to build up a scheme of training and education.

As between equally matched European armies, these two factors, disciplined troops and economy in their employment (not pennywise pound foolishness) on the part of the leaders, will always give the decision; and this being so, it may be imagined what incredible injury may result from the style of criticism in which the press has recently indulged—the keynote of which has been the desire to shake the confidence of the men in their leaders, and to inculcate in each individual that it is his unalien-

able right, as an Englishman, to die when and where he pleases, not where his leader orders him.

So far from the authorities having neglected to insist on the troops being trained to take individual advantage of cover, I hold, and have always held, that we have devoted far too much attention to individual cover for many years past; you cannot take cover and advance at the same time, but it is the determination to advance which we chiefly require, and for want of this the campaign has been so unduly prolonged.

I believe that but for the action of the press, on which the reinforcements from England were nourished before and during the voyage, this determination would never have been wanting, for our successes at Talana Hill and Elaandslaagte, at Belmont and Enslin prove that troops could advance in face of the dreaded magazine rifle, and that too, with a loss, all circumstances considered, much below what experience of warfare between white races had led us to expect. Colenso and the Modder River only proved what we all knew before, that infantry cannot yet fly over an unfordable river, and Magersfontein, that night attacks were sometimes a risky business. But in spite of Colenso our men in Natal, relatively removed from the infection brought with them by the troops that left England after Christmas, showed no want of dash on the way up to Ladysmith, though every feature of the ground was against proper preparation and combination in their attacks.

Paardeberg was the blot on the whole war—that British troops put into an attack could be brought to a stand by something under three per cent. of loss was a possibility no English soldier could ever have dreamed of; and for that disgrace I hold the avoidance of loss and use of cover theory mainly responsible. I quite understand why Lord Roberts decided not to renew the attack after the first day; he knew that once the men were snugly concealed behind the ant-heaps, no power on earth would induce them to move forward. Not because the men were cowards, but because each was firmly convinced that by taking care of his skin he was showing rare adaptability in copying the Boer model the papers had taught him to worship.

The capture of Paardeberg at the point of the bayonet might have cost us 500 killed, but it would have saved us the enteric epidemic responsible for some 5,000 lives, and would, as the Boers have since admitted, gone far to diminish the tenacity of their present resistance.

Coming now to the question of marksmanship, I should have thought that nothing could more effectively have demolished the theory of the crack-shot school than our recent experience. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the Boer is a far superior shot at game in his own country than the regular soldiers of any country can hope to become. Yet so different are the conditions of marksmanship when the target is firing back at you, that never before in history has it taken so long to inflict a certain amount of punishment.

The French are, as a nation, the worst individual shots in Europe; but in 1870, with a far inferior weapon—as regards sighting and rapidity of fire—they made far better practice against similar targets than the Boers. For instance, when the Prussian Guards blundered within range at St. Privat—by one of those accidents it is impossible ever to foresee or avoid—the French accounted for a larger percentage of men in ten minutes at 1,000 yards range, than the Boers did at Magersfontein at 200 yards in half an hour. Similarly they wiped out three batteries of the XIth Corps Artillery opposite Amanvilliers at 800 to 900 yards in less than half the time the Boers took to effect the same result on Colonel Long's batteries at 400 yards. Many other similar examples might be cited, but the explanation is the same in all cases—the French possessed discipline of a sort and the Boers had none.

Straight shooting depends on the absolute steadiness of hand and eye, which, again, is the result of the control of the nerves and muscles by a concentrated effort of will; and the same exercises on the drill ground which give the collective will power we call discipline render to the man also the control of his body and senses.

The essence of the attack as now practised lies in making the conditions of the defender such that aimed shooting becomes a physical impossibility no matter how he may be sheltered.

To hit any target with a rifle you must at least be able to see it; but if you pelt in such a rain of shell that between dust, smoke, and fragments, the whole front is shrouded in an impenetrable veil, it is obvious aimed shooting is out of the question.

To do this needs, of course, a considerable number of guns, means we lacked conspicuously at Talana Hill, Elandsplaagte, Belmont, Enslin, and this makes these performances so singularly remarkable, proving to my mind conclusively what we might have done when the guns were available,

When the fire to be faced is perfectly unaimed, it follows that no arrangement of men in lines, groups, or columns, can have any effect whatever on the individual's chances of getting hit. You will get just as wet walking down the road in a thunderstorm whether you are alone or in company of one, two, or a dozen; but if you stop out in the rain for an hour or two, you will certainly get more soaked than in a dash across the street: this little piece of reasoning one may see put in practice whenever a heavy shower falls in the streets of London even by quite young children; but it seems to have escaped the notice of the troops on several occasions out on the open veldt of the Free State.

Lastly, to finish the question of shooting. It is a well-known fact that the difficulty of hitting a target varies enormously as the distance increases; not only does the apparent size of the object diminish as the square of the distance, but a large number of other conditions arise in practice whose effect is cumulative, and which increase this difficulty to at least the cube of the distance. But for the sake of simplicity we will take it that it only increases as the square of the distance: that is to say, that for every shot that hits at 1,000 yards, four will hit at 500, and 16 at 250.

Now take a disciplined body of 1,000 men, who will make one hit in 1,000 shots at 1,000 yards, and march them into 500, losing 200 men on the way, a proportion which used not to be considered excessive until this war began—the remaining 800 will now make one hit in every 250 rounds, and if you carry them into 250, losing another 300, the remaining 500 will be scoring a hit for every 62·5 rounds, or more than five times as many hits as the 1,000 men were originally making. This is why all other nations have insisted on the resolute advance without firing to decisive ranges, when a real attack is launched, and accounts for the value we place on the drill-ground training, which alone renders such an advance possible.

That it is drill and drill alone which confers this power is the teaching of all history, but the following example will make this evident. At the beginning of the American Civil War the Northern leaders found it impossible to make their men go in at the enemy. In the most approved modern fashion, they stuck to cover and fought as individuals but they won no victories; on the contrary, the Confederates whipped them every time. At last they realised what was lacking, and submitted themselves more or less willingly, but very thoroughly, to a severe course of drilling,

and within a twelvemonth they were standing up to punishment as few troops had done before or since.

As it happened, during the fourth year of that war, the First Maine Heavy Artillery—a regiment that had been made on the parade ground and not gradually forged under fire—was sent up to the front; it was in action at Spottsylvania, and lost enough to shake the over-confidence of the drill-ground out of them, but the men were real grit, and when a few days later, June 18, they were ordered to carry the enemy's position at Petersburg across 1,000 yards of open glaucis, their effort, unsuccessful through no fault of theirs, was universally admitted to have been the finest exhibition of disciplined courage the war had seen on the Northern side. They left seventy-seven per cent. of their numbers on the ground, almost the whole of whom fell in the advance, a figure which has only been equalled perhaps half a dozen times in British history, though it was exceeded more than once by some of the Confederate regiments.

I sincerely trust that as a result of the war steps will be taken to give us more ammunition and to abolish many of the abuses of our present system; but the ranges alone will never give us the advantage that we know results from a disciplined advance to decisive ranges when once we commence a real attack.

As for carrying defensive armour, as Dr. Doyle suggests, if two centuries ago, when a man's chance of being put out of action was one to four, armour was thrown aside as not worth the trouble of carrying, is it likely that men would submit to the load when it is about ten to one against being hurt in a day's fighting?

An extra 7 lb. weight might easily make a difference of an hour's time in the arrival of a column, and that hour might make all the difference of victory or defeat.

Space prevents me from dealing point by point with many of Dr. Doyle's statements, with the truth of which I fully agree, though I do not admit the methods of correction he proposes; but his remarks on the future of cavalry cannot be passed over.

Surely it is a little hasty to conclude because in this campaign local conditions have interfered to prevent a single real charge being ridden, that therefore the day of sword and lance is over. How would it have been if the Boers in the Free State had had twenty first rate squadrons of Lancers to charge home on the fleeing Highland Brigade at Magersfontein? Should not we have required cavalry to meet and prevent them? Would not

a set charge have been the necessary consequence? Have any of our regiments had to endure such losses as the sword and lance have often inflicted? In 1870, whenever either French or Prussian lancers met cavalry with swords, every officer and thirty per cent. of the front rank went down before the lance, and most of the *wounded died*. That is one reason why the Germans have made the lance universal. And as an instance of what sharp swords can do, let me cite the case of Unett's squadron at Chillianwallah. It charged with seventy men a crowd of Sikh horsemen and drove them back, but forty-six out of the seventy were killed or badly wounded, and again most of the *wounded died*. The Sikhs used old English swords. The advantage of either sword or lance in cavalry work is that a severe wound drops the man at once. A man may be mortally wounded by revolver or rifle bullet and fight on for a couple of hours.

This is a very important point when cavalry charge infantry. It is no use hitting either man or horse if the two or even the horse alone comes on, even if he ultimately falls only twenty yards behind the object charged—he must fall in front, and there is not a military rifle in Europe which can be relied on absolutely to drop him within 100 yards. Indeed, only a direct hit through brain, heart, or spine, can be counted on to bring him down within even a quarter of a mile. It takes also a much more serious wound to disable a man in the saddle than when on his own feet. A man cannot charge far on foot with one or more bullets through his lungs, but he can keep his seat on horseback for a considerable distance. This was the reason why Dum Dum bullets were introduced, and we shall have to go back to them if our infantry are not to be slaughtered like swine by the first European cavalry we meet.

It has been shown again and again in this campaign that infantry can lie out in the open for many hours, ten at the Modder River, for instance, exposed to a fire of 'unprecedented severity' of 'appalling intensity,' &c., &c., to quote the eye-witness testimony of war correspondents, with losses not exceeding five to ten per cent. Cavalry can cover 3,000 yards in five minutes: is it likely that a rapidly moving target would receive as many hits in that time as a stationary one in ten hours? Cavalry officers do not think so. Though I protest against the tone which Dr. Conan Doyle and most other correspondents adopt when speaking of our officers, I admit that many of them, perhaps one third, are not

what they should be. You will find a similar percentage amongst all armies. The chief cause lies in the fact that we have not yet had time to eliminate the abuses which grew up in the old long service days. These abuses were common to all long service armies, and were the necessary consequences of long continued spells of peace time. The Prussian army before Jena is the most striking instance of the extent to which gross abuses may flourish without attracting the attention of those who have grown up amongst them.

Frederick the Great, in his last years, seems to have been the only man in Prussia who knew what was coming after he was gone. Even the celebrated Clausewitz, perhaps the very ablest thinker on the subject of war the last two centuries have produced, failed to realise where the danger lay a fortnight before disaster fell.

The remedy found itself when short service was introduced into the Prussian army, for now there was work enough to employ the energies of all the officers and to teach them to take responsibility young—but even sixty years after the change was made, in 1870, as I showed in a recent article in these pages, the work was little more than half accomplished.

We have had only thirty years, barely one military generation, to work out our salvation—thanks to the war we seem now to have found it, and a few strokes of a pen and five years' time will double the fighting value of the army. An order making captains of cavalry and infantry responsible for their companies as the battery commanders are for their batteries is all that is needed to secure a most economical reform.

I am much in sympathy with Dr. Doyle's views on our army requirements. We do not want more men but better men, the proportions of the three arms being readjusted, and our garrisons in India, at home, and in the Colonies, being redistributed.

We want more cavalry and many more field and horse batteries. for these arms cannot be improvised, and in them peace training returns a far better value for time and money spent than in the infantry.

Unfortunately I must pour cold water on the idea of an Imperial Guard on the Napoleonic model. The difficulty is a psychological one well understood by experienced soldiers. You cannot select men in peace for employment in war, because no man can say how the selection will turn out in the stress of serious fighting. Napoleon's Imperial Guard were veterans, selected for

approved courage under fire, five campaigns and a faultless record was the standard, but it needed a Napoleon to provide such opportunities. His campaigns were no collection of trifling skirmishes, in which many hours' firing on both sides resulted in two to five per cent. of loss, but a series of decisive battles, each brim full of situations with which Spion Kop and Magersfontein will alone bear comparison. Dr. Conan Doyle has read Marbot. Does he recall the incident of the 14<sup>e</sup> du Ligne at Eylau—where the regiment was destroyed to the last man, only Marbot escaping, thanks to his maddened English charger bolting with him? Selection by marksmanship judged by our Bisley standards would be utterly useless. It is discipline which makes men shoot straight in action, not verniers and the theory of the trajectory.

If Dr. Conan Doyle is in earnest in his desire to help the cause which we all have at heart, let me suggest that he should induce as many of his colleagues as possible to take up the study of the psychology of a soldier's training and find out why it is that drill produces those collective qualities included in the word 'discipline,' and then let them aid us in conquering the many extraordinary prejudices which still survive as to the purpose and object of a soldier's training. We no longer seek to turn a man into an automaton, indeed we never did so, though the abuse of a good system often led in peace time in the old long service days to that result; but we endeavour to develop in every man that power of concentrated effort and those qualities of honesty, truthfulness and character which, in a healthy state of society, afford the best guarantee for a man's success in life—and the want of which can now be so clearly discerned in the growing deterioration of our great commercial undertakings—notably on our railway lines. It is want of smartness and discipline which make our South Eastern and London Brighton and South Coast Railways the despair of their passengers. It is want of common honesty which hampers the productive employment of capital, because men will no longer do a fair day's work for their wages, and combine together to ratten those unfortunates who endeavour to fulfil loyally their engagements.

In Germany it is admitted that the trained soldier is worth half as much again as a workman as the untrained civilian. Let that fact once be recognised in England and the recruiting problem would solve itself.

Lastly, let them pursue their crusade against overcrowding,

against insanitary dwellings and all similar evils, and give our peasants and work people some chance of breeding and rearing healthy children, and let them reform our system of board school education so that those children may at least learn the elementary notions of duty, of patriotism and of honesty.

Dr. Conan Doyle praises, and rightly praises, the splendid spirit of our private soldiers and their uncomplaining fortitude under privation and suffering. May I ask him to remember what these men were when they came to the colours as recruits?

If, then, our existing system, administered by officers, many of whom we admit to be unfitted for their task, can produce such results, what may we not reasonably expect when, by placing the responsibility on the right shoulders—the captains—we have weeded out the useless, and when the nation itself has acquired a higher standard of duty and sends us better raw material to work up?

## AN ERROR RIGHTED.

A GOOD season for pilchards brings as its concomitant a good season for fair maids. When in autumn the catches by the trawlers have been exceptionally abundant, then the catches by the marriageable maids are proportionate.

On the day that succeeded Christmas, there were as many as nine couples united in the parish church in a little port in the West of England. And all the males belonged to the nautical profession. Some were fishermen, and some had barges that plied with Bristol or Cardiff.

The vicar belonged to the old school—a school in which nothing was taught and almost nothing was done. That which had of necessity to be done was performed in a perfunctory manner.

And when, on this particular Bank Holiday, nine couples had to be spliced, the function was performed *en bloc*, and only such portions of the marriage service were distributed to the several pairs as could not possibly be carried out otherwise.

The rite concluded, the little vestry was packed with the parson, divesting himself, the clerk, brides and bridegrooms, bridesmaids, best men, and *pro tem.* fathers, so that the utmost confusion prevailed during the making-out and the signing of the registers.

The dense mob only broke into articulations as it discharged itself through the churchyard gate, when it differentiated itself into pairs with their proper satellites, and these latter fell into rear, to allow the happy couples to exchange mutual amorous passages.

The first to disentangle themselves from the crowd were Samuel Lee and his just acquired wife Floribunda, or, as she was called for the sake of brevity, Florry.

'Well,' said Samuel, wiping his mouth, 'that's done.'

'And,' added Floribunda, 'can't be undone.'

'I hope it's all right,' observed the former.

'How can it be other?' asked the latter, 'now that you have got me?'

'I didn't mean that, dear.'

'Then you should make your meanin' plainer.'

'I mean, as how there was a terrible muddle in thickey there vestry, and one cu'd scarce use one's arms. I wish I'd got a copy of the lines.'

'What shu'd you require them for?' asked Floribunda. 'Them lines can't bind us no faster.'

'No, but it 'ud a been more satisfyin',' explained Sam.

'I'm satisfied,' observed the lady, 'and I reckon that's enough. Now what 'ud the lines ha' come to?'

'Eighteen pence, or thereabout.'

'Eighteen pence throwed away. Wot did you give the pass'n and clerk?'

'I gave the vicar ten shillin', and the clerk five.'

'That's just seven and six too much.'

'Well, I won't do it again.'

'I shall take care you shan't. And you, Sam, was a goin' to chuck away eighteen pence more. That just proves as 'ow you ain't to be trusted wi' money. Give me up your purse.'

'Ain't got no purse.'

'Then you turn out your pockets to wance. I'll be your purse in future.'

There are few sights more piteous than that of a noble brig that left port new-rigged, fresh painted, and in perfect trim, after a gale in the Atlantic that has carried away her masts, battered her sides, and rent her bulwarks. But a more piteous object was Samuel Lee four weeks after marriage, the honeymoon set in murk, sitting on a chair with his head against the wall, in his own house, the picture of despondency fringing on despair. Yet that house was in spick and span condition. The floor was so clean that it might have been eaten off, and one would have preferred doing so to sullyng the scoured table, white and spotless as a new bread-trencher. The fender, the irons, the brass, the tin, were all burnished to the utmost brilliancy. Nothing was to be seen that was rusted or battered, save the owner of the cottage, who presented an almost hopelessly crushed and woe-begone appearance, seated, as already intimated, in a chair with his head leaning against the wall.

One lunar month had done it.

And yet a more dapper, comely young woman was hardly to be found than was Floribunda Lee. She was healthy in colour that flushed her smooth cheeks, her hair was glossy brown, and

her eyes clear as a mountain stream. Her every movement betokened vigour.

'Now then! now then!' she exclaimed as she entered the room. 'Sam! doin' nothin'! Yes, worse than nothin'. Just you look how you've a gone and greased the wall wi' rubbin' of yer 'ead agin' it.'

'I aint 'ad no bears' grease on since we wos married, last Bank 'Oliday,' explained he.

'Then it's dirt,' said Floribunda, standing with her feet apart and her arms akimbo; 'and dirt is wuss.'

'It can't be, Florry,' protested her husband, 'seeing as you do comb my 'ead all day, and 'ave been these four weeks, wi'out stoppin' to breathe.'

'Now, none o' your imperance,' exclaimed Mrs. Lee. 'Just you jump about, and move out of that.'

Samuel took his chair and transferred it to the middle of the room, seated himself across it, and resting his arms on the back, leaned his chin on his arms.

'How I'm to clean that bit o' wall I don't know. Scotch soda may take out the stain,' said Floribunda. 'Now then! what be you a doing there, swinging on the chair and heavin' it out o' joint. You get along out of the house to wance.'

'Give me some money to buy a bit of baccy,' pleaded Mr. Lee.

'Give you money!' exclaimed the wife. 'That's bold as brass you be, axing for it. You pretend that you handed your money over to me, and I knows, by the way you fumbles wi' something in your pocket, that you're a keepin' back of a part. You're a veritable Ananias-Saphira, and 'll come to just the same bad end.'

Mr. Samuel Lee rose with a sigh and left the house. When outside he mused, scratched his head, and drew half-a-crown from his pocket.

'I'd just like to make sartain,' said he, and took his way to the Vicarage, where he inquired for the parson.

On his introduction to the study, he asked if he might make so bold as to have a copy of his marriage entry.

'Certainly you may,' was the reply.

The volume of marriage registers was produced, and the vicar made out a transcript and certified, signed, and stamped it.

'Thank y' sir, kindly,' said Samuel, looking hard at the slip. 'You're quite sure there is no mistake?'

'Positive. I have certified, as you see.'

'Then here be the eighteen pence.'

'Eighteen pence for the copy, sixpence for the search, and one penny for the stamp. Two and a penny in all,' said the parson.

'What be the stamp for?' asked the fisherman, 'if I may make so bold as to inquire.'

'That validates the document. It is good now in any court of law. Without the stamp the certificate would have no legal value.'

'Thank you, sir—then here is the money,' said Samuel. 'Arf-a-crown, there'll be fivepence change.'

Samuel Lee walked away, occasionally studying the copy of his marriage entry, and shaking his head with an air of perplexity. He took his course to the port, where was a solid timber bench against the wall on the quay, on which bench disengaged boatmen and fishermen, awaiting a favourable wind, were wont to perch, like swallows before a flight to summer climes.

On that bench, on this occasion, Samuel saw one man only, Joshua Blossom, also a seaman, owner of a smack that traded to Bristol with slates and earthenware ovens.

Samuel planted himself at the further end with a nod of recognition and a salutation of, 'Wéll, Josh!'

To which the other responded with another nod and the salute, 'Wéll, Sam!'

Then they remained respectively silent for ten minutes.

Presently Samuel remarked, 'The wind be up a bit more nor'ard.'

'Aye,' responded Joshua, 'a p'int or two.'

Again a relapse into silence that lasted for ten minutes.

Then said Lee, 'I reckon you was married last Bank 'Oliday, Joshuá.'

'I reckon so was you, Samuél.'

Another lull, which neither appeared disposed to break. Finally, however, Lee said, 'And how does you like it?'

'Middlin'. And you?'

'Middlin', also.'

After another arrest in the flow of dialogue, Blossom said, 'And you was married to Florry.'

'I walked 'ome wi' she,' answered Lee. 'And you got spliced to Jemima Jenkin.'

'I did,' with a shake of the head.

'You don't seem to be over comfortable, mate. Is it stomick or 'eart?'

'It's all over me. Jemima's a slut.'

'And mine's a dragon,' admitted Lee.

'You don't mean to tell me?'

'I do. Hers just gone and called me a Hannanigh Saphira. What do you say to that?'

'It's sheer blaspheming,' answered Josh.

Lee sidled up the bench towards the other and slowly drew out a copy of the register.

'Wot do'y make out o' this, mate?' he asked.

Blossom looked hard at it, turned it about, and said, 'I can't make nothin' of it at all.'

'Them's my marriage lines,' explained Lee. 'And dooly certificated, stamp and all wrote across. There bain't no court as can break that evidence.'

'But,' said Blossom, 'they've put you down to the wrong 'ooman.'

'So they hev,' responded Lee. 'But I mean to take the benefit of the act.'

'I don't understand this,' observed Blossom. 'There's a bloomin' error for sartain. They've put you down wi' my wife—that is Jemima Jenkins as wos.'

'I can't help it. So it stands in the book. There wos a proper muddle that day, we wos so crowded into that there vestry, and nobody knowed exact what he wer putting his hand to.'

'And whom have I been put down to?' asked Joshua.

'I didn't look, mate. I wos that struck of a heap. You go up and see. It's only two and a penny.'

'I don't think I will,' said Blossom gravely. 'I'd rather not risk it.'

'Josh!' said Samuel after another pause, 'I always took you to be a humane man.'

'So I be. You ain't gone and got a different opinion, surely?'

'Oh, no. But I'm just recallin' the past. Do yer mind when a little boy wos runnin' on the pier here and tumbled into the water?'

'I mind something about it.'

'And you put down your pipe on this here seat wi'out smekin'

the baccy out, and took a rope and throwed it to him. You saved that 'ere little boy's precious life, but you lost your pipe, for some one took advantage of you bein' 'eroically engaged, and walked off with it.'

'It was so, Samuel.'

'And then once I were goin' a long cruise, and hadn't no cook aboard. Do you remember? You lent me a man as could cook. There waren't one of mine as could do it. If it hadn't been for that charitable act of yours, we'd ha' come back images—shadows.'

'I may ha' done it. I can't say. What do'y want now?'

'I want you to be humane once more. You lent me your cook wance, lend me your wife now.'

'My wife!'

'Well—Josh. She ain't yours, you know, proper and legal like. I could take 'er away slick from under your nose and never ax you; but I won't do it, as between mates. Just look at this here certificate. Jemima be mine by law. But there, Josh, I don't want to keep her all along, only just for a bit.'

'I don't know,' replied Blossom, 'but wot I might accommodate you. I ain't partic'lar for a day or two, or a week at a stretch. But I doubt if she'll go.'

'Her will,' said Lee. 'Not mebbe if us two men was to ax her, and she seed we was terrible keen on it; but if us told her it were to worrit Florry out o' my house, that 'ud put another complexion on the matter. A female 'll go anywhere to vex another female.'

'Us can but try,' said Blossom. 'Come along, mate.'

The two men took their way to the cottage—a house in a row. The front door was open. Josh introduced his companion.

'Hello!' exclaimed Samuel; 'seems to want the deck swabbin', and the gear smartnin' up a mite.'

The interior was dirty and untidy.

'You just come along in here and see,' said Josh, and led the way into the back kitchen. There all was in disorder. Potatoes that had been cooked and not partaken of left in the dish, plates unwashed, a frying-pan uncleaned, bacon lying among dishclouts, and yesterday's milk curdled, with a dress-frill depending into and absorbing it.

'Where be the missus to?' inquired Lee.

'Round the corner, torkin',' answered Blossom. 'There is

where she be always, and that's why my house be left so amazin' nasty, and me made so amazin' oncomfortable.'

Just then, in bounced Jemima, a slim, comely woman, smart in dress, with large dark eyes, and a pretty mouth with good humour lurking in its corners.

'Look y' here, Jemima,' said Samuel, 'can y' read at all?'

'I reckon I can, Mr. Lee.'

'Oh, don't you Mr. Lee me no more! I'm your dear Sammy. Just cast your eye over this. 'Tis our weddin' lines. You see there hev been a bit o' a mistake, and you're gone into the wrong harbour. You is bound to I—the Book sez so, and don't lie, and I be come to carry you off.'

'I don't care what the lines sez,' exclaimed the young woman, staggered. 'I took Josh's 'and, and he put the ring to my finger, and us swore'd at each other as was our dooty to.'

'Werry sorry,' replied Lee. 'But 'twas a gashly error, and no mistake; us must bide by it. I can set the perlice on you, and carry you home by main force, but I scorns to use violence. I'll tell y' what I wants you for—it's just to aggravate and 'elp me to rid myself o' Florry as do plague my life dreadful.'

'If that be all,' responded Jemima, 'I'm ready.'

'Well, then, clap on your bonnet—no, right side forrard, and under way. Josh don't mind.'

'Not a brass farden,' acquiesced Josh.

'Crook your arm in mine,' said Lee, as he and Jemima arrived at his door. 'Or, no—to be more stylish, let me 'ang on to your arm. Here we be.'

He threw open his door and sailed in with Jemima. The table was spread.

'That's fine,' said Samuel airily. 'My love, I bet we'll have that couple o' penny buns buttered and toasted, to celebrate wot the lawyers calls the restitootion of conjugal rights. Hello!' as Floribunda entered with a teapot; 'young 'ooman, put that down and steer away. Two's company—three's none.'

Mrs. Lee looked with open and amazed eyes at the spectacle. Then, setting down the teapot, she rested the knuckles of both hands on the table and cleared for action.

Samuel looked innocently into her face, and asked, 'Wot do you want now?'

'Want!' exclaimed Floribunda. 'Want! What's the meaning of these May-games, I'd like to know?'

'Meanin' ?—no more nor this. I always thought there'd been some muddle in that marryin' on Bank 'Oliday, and I told you so at the time. Here's a certificated and signed copy of the register to prove as I was right. I've been troubled in conscience about this here mistake, so I thought I'd go and see how it stood in the books, and I've fetched home my legitimate and legal wife. So young female—sheer off.'

Floribunda, in place of exploding, became strangely quiet. She looked at the register, then at Lee, and next at Jemima.

'I don't believe a word of it,' she said at last. 'It's just a bit o' your wickedness.'

'Go to the pass'n and ask to see the books,' replied Samuel. 'That'll convince you. And if you don't sheer away to wance, I'll send for the perlice to remove you as a noosence.'

Floribunda snatched up her bonnet, and swung out of the house. She made her way direct to the Vicarage. She was seriously alarmed. At the parsonage she inquired for the vicar, and demanded a sight of the marriage register. This was accorded her, and there, as had been asserted, stood the entry that testified to the union having been effected according to the rites of the Established Church of England, between Samuel Lee, mariner, and Jemima Jenkins, spinster.

'But,' gasped Floribunda, 'where be I? I was married too on Bank Holiday. Who 'ave I got in this 'ere puss-in-the-corner affair? I'd like oncommon to know that.'

A little further examination of the book revealed the matrimonial union of Joshua Blossom, mariner, bachelor, and Floribunda Ford, spinster. The young woman stood aghast.

Presently, in a muffled voice, she required to be given a copy of her marriage lines. The transcript was accordingly made and attested. Then ensued a lively altercation over the fee. The vicar demanded sixpence each for the search after the two entries, in addition to the cost of the copy and the stamp.

A heated controversy ended in the waiving of the second sixpence, and, having paid two shillings and a penny, Floribunda marched off with the certificate.

Meanwhile, Samuel and Jemima were enjoying their tea. That concluded, the latter rose and began to carry off plates, cups, bread, pot, in a hap-hazard manner to the back premises. Then, finally, she shook the table-cloth out over the floor.

'You'll have to sweep up the crumbs,' said Samuel.

'Let 'em lie,' replied Jemima carelessly; 'they'll come to no 'arm.'

'It shall be done, though,' retorted Samuel, 'and I'll oblige you to clean up the tea things and drain the pot, and put the bread in the jar with the cover on, and turn a saucer over the butter.'

'By-m-bye. I be going out.'

'Round the corner torkin',' said Lee. 'I'll trouble you to take off your shoes and stockings.'

'Shoes and stockings! What for?'

'Cos I orders it. Off wi' 'em to wance, or you'll get a taste o' the rope's end as a relish to finish up wi' after them buttered buns.'

Jemima obeyed trembling.

'No,' said Sam, as she handed the stockings to him. 'You fold 'em up properly. I won't take 'em no other way.'

She submitted. Then he pocketed first the stockings and after that the shoes.

'How'm I to go about the floor with bare feet?' asked Jemima. 'I'll chance to tread on a nail.'

'You'll chance to tread on nothin' but the crumbs you've thrown down,' retorted Samuel. 'That other female as was here afore you came never left nothin' lyin' about.'

'What be you in such a cruel hurry for to have all cleaned up? I'll do it all by-m-bye.'

'By-m-bye won't do for me,' said Samuel. 'When now-at-wance is best.' After a pause—'I'll tell y' what. I've been to the house of my mate Josh Blossom, and he blushed for shame to let me see what a dog's hole it were, so dirty and neglected, and all because a slut of a female as had been there, neglected her dooties so as to be for ever round the corner torkin'. I'll have none of that 'ere, and that's why I've took your shoes and stockings.'

Jemima coloured to her temples, and without another word proceeded to clean up.

That done, she looked towards him pleadingly.

'No, not yet, Jem,' said he. 'There's wot they call a lucid interval under your right arm. Just get a needle and thread and make that right.'

She obeyed meekly.

'No, that won't do,' said he censoriously. 'You pull out the

old threads afore you put in the new, and, wot's more, don't throw them thread-ends on the floor, but behind the grate. And when you've done that, there's the gathers out o' your skirt, as wants takin' up. And arter that again there's the braid off the bottom hangin' in a great loop as if you was out seine-fishin'.

'Whatever be I to do with myself?' asked Floribunda, as she stood in the street fluttering the copy of her marriage register.

Florry had no home. Her parents were dead. She had been in service when Samuel had courted her. Her nearest relative was a brother, married, a hundred miles away. She was more than doubtful whether he would care to receive her, as she and her sister did not agree, and there were ructions in the house when she was present.

'I can't stick here,' said Florry. 'And they won't take me in at the workhouse, as I'm a married 'ooman, and my 'usband be bound to support me. Whatever shall I do?'

After a struggle with herself, 'Well,' said she, 'I may as well just go and see to it. I suppose by law I've as much right to Josh Blossom's 'ouse and earnings as he has hisself. Anyhow, I'll see if I can shake down there a bit.'

Accordingly Floribunda made her way to the street where stood the dwelling of Josh Blossom. The door was open, and the owner was within, sitting by the fire, smoking.

'Now, then!' exclaimed Floribunda, 'wot do you mean spittin' about the grate and fireirons fit to cover 'em wi' rust-blisters? I'm not goin' to allow them drashy ways in my house, I can tell you.'

Then Floribunda looked about her.

'Here's a purty piggery,' she said. 'Bless my soul, it'll take me four and twenty hours right on end to get this fitty. And, loramussy!' she exclaimed after exploring the back kitchen, there's never nothin' to clean up with. Hand me your money. I'm goin' to buy a bar of soap, a pail, scrubbin' brushes, a mop, a broom, and silver sand. Give me your money. A man is bound to maintain his lawful wife in yaller-soap and other necessaries.'

The woman left the house, having secured what she had demanded.

Josh sat with an extinguished pipe between his fingers, resting on his knee, and with the other hand he rubbed his head.

On the table she had left the certificate. He got up, looked

at it, and sat down and rubbed his head till all his hair stood on end.

In this position and thus engaged he remained till the return of Floribunda, struggling under an accumulation of cleaning utensils and apparatus.

'Now, then!' said she sharply, 'out of that! I'm a goin' to begin at the hearth. You don't think I'm goin' to wash the floor fust, and rake out the ashes after, do y'?'

Josh rose from his chair and meekly retired into a corner.

'You come back this instant,' ordered Floribunda. 'What do you mean by leavin' thickey chair there afore the fire? Han't you been a usin' of it? Ain't it therefore reasonable as you should put it back in his proper place? Do you consider yourself a master, and have them slovenly ways?'

Josh meekly complied.

'I reckon,' pursued Mrs. Florry, applying herself vigorously to clearing out the grate, raking away the ashes, and filling the air with dust, 'I reckon you call yourself master, and yet allow your house to get into this condition. I wonder how it be wif your smack. Be she allowed to fall into such a state as this? It's the woman's neglect, you say. But you're master, and responsible. If aboard ship all goes to sixes and sevens, who's answerable? You, I reckon, have to see that the men does their work. Wot be you a rubbin' of your head for? Do y' want to have that shampooed? Just wait abit till I've scoured the floor, and I'll shampoo you.'

When the hearth was cleared, cleaned and black-leaded, the floor was inundated with water, and attacked with soap and a scrubbing-brush. The flood approached the corner into which Josh had retreated.

'Now then!' cried Floribunda, 'you clear away from there. Wot! Rubbin' of your 'ead again? For sure there's something wrong there. You come into the middle of the room. Folks say as how rats be clean animals, although livin' in sewers. This 'ere 'abitation be every jot as bad as any occupied by a rat. But it'll be astonishin' altogether if I finds you keep yourself as respectable as a rat. I'll look you over presently, and if I don't find you as you ort to was, I'll bundle you into this 'ere soapy-water pail, and it's not silver-sand I'll take to you, mister, but bath-brick and monkey-brand.'

Mr. Samuel Lee sauntered down to the port. His trouser-pockets were obtrusively stuffed; a heel of a shoe projected from each.

He took his place at one extremity of the bench, and noticing Mr. Joshua Blossom at the other extremity, he nodded to him and said 'How do?' To this salutation Josh made no response. He sat looking seaward, with a placid countenance, and a benignant smile hovering about his lips.

After ten minutes Samuel moved somewhat closer, and said: 'Well, mate, how be you getting along?'

Josh, feeling the agitation of the bench caused by the movement of Sam, which communicated itself to him through that portion of his body applied to the seat, turned his head leisurely and nodded, without a word.

Five minutes elapsed without Samuel re-attempting to open communication. But finally he touched Josh on the arm, and asked, 'Well, Joshua——' The man addressed raised his hands, and withdrew two solid plugs from his ears.

'Beg parding,' he said; 'did you offer an observation?' He waited for a reply, holding a plug suspended by each hand, between the first finger and thumb.

'I said, "Well Joshuá."'

'Ah! well then, Samuél.'

'How is you workin' along?'

'Middlin'; and you?'

'Middlin'.'

Then ensued another protracted pause.

Presently Lee inquired: 'And how's the missus?'

'Yappin', replied Blossom. 'But I've nigh on cured her.'

'You have?'

Josh nodded.

'And how's your missus?' asked Blossom.

'Darnin', replied Lee. 'I've made her do that.'

'You don't mean it?'

Sam nodded.

Then once more a lull ensued.

Presently Lee inquired: 'Wot be you calked up for?'

Blossom leisurely placed the two plugs on the bench between himself and Lee.

'It's my method,' said he. Then he put his hand in his

pocket and drew forth a bundle. He unrolled a sheet of cotton-wool across his knees.

'I gave sixpence for this,' said Blossom; 'but I didn't ort to ha' paid abov' fourpence. That's the price at the stores.'

'And wot's the good of that?' asked Lee.

'It excludes the yappin',' answered Josh. 'I lets 'er go on for ten minutes. Charity requires that. It's 'er pleasure, and I can't refuse 'er that little gratification. But then I takes two pinches of cotton-wool dipped in melted tallow, and I calks up. Then there ensues a lovely and pleasin' sense of peace in the inner man. And one can't 'elp smilin' for joy of 'eart. At fust,' continued Blossom, 'after I'd a calked up I could look on wi' an indulgent smile and see 'er jaw a workin' like a bone-crushin' machine. 'Twere interestin', but tirin' to 'er. At last she gived up. 'Twere no good when nobody 'eard.'

'That's a notion,' said Lee.

'And fourpence goes a long way to cure a woman of yappin'. Fourpence at the stores, but I paid sixpence. But fourpence 'ud a done it.'

Then a pause, whilst Lee looked with admiration on Blossom.

Presently the latter, puffed up with pride, said: 'And how's Jemima? Round the corner torkin'?'

'Not she,' replied Samuel. 'Look at this.' He pointed to his pockets. 'My own idea. I've cured 'er of that.'

'You don't mean to say so?'

'I do.'

'You're a wonderful man.'

'And it don't cost fourpence. It saves stockin' yarn and shoe-leather. She can't go out 'cos I ha' carried away 'er nether garments!'

Then ensued a pause, during which each man moved to the extremity of the bench, and looked at the other with mutual admiration. After the lapse of ten minutes thus employed, Josh said: 'Wot do y' think now of our changin' back to wot we was.'

'Might do wuss,' responded Sam.'

'You see,' observed Blossom, 'us can always go back again and take the benefit of the act, if our females seem to be retrogradin'.'

'Them registers is a whip in 'and,' said Lee.

'And,' pursued Josh, 'I'll throw you in a quarter of a pound

of cotton wool at sixpence, that didn't ort to have been more than fourpence.'

He folded the sheet and pressed it on Lee.

'I never was obstructive,' said Samuel; 'I always likes to oblige a friend. Here be 'er shoes and stockings,' and he proceeded to disgorge the contents of his trouser pockets.

'You go to my house,' said Blossom, 'but whatever you do, calk up fust. Here's my two plugs at your service.'

'Thank 'ee kindly. But our ears ain't just the same dimensions. I'll make two fresh ones.' Then he added, thrusting as he spoke the shoes and stockings along the bench towards his mate: 'Take them, and go to my house.'

'Well now,' observed Blossom, 'after all, it were an 'appy error, that there registerin' on Bank 'Oliday.'

''Twas so, mate, and an error as has been well righted.'

S. BARING-GOULD.

*OF SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE  
PRESERVATION OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS  
IN PEKING.*

BY THE REV. ROLAND ALLEN,  
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION, PEKING.

No question is more frequently asked of those who have just left Peking than this: 'How did you manage to hold out?' and to no question is it more difficult to find an answer. It is well known that theoretically we had no adequate means of resistance to the Chinese attack, and that after the relief of Tientsin the military authorities in that place considered our position so hopeless that they gravely discussed the advisability of putting off any advance upon the capital until the beginning of September. It is not, however, so well known how great was the danger in which we stood before the actual siege began. For the defence of the Legations was only made possible by the presence in Peking of the foreign guards, and there was a time at which it seemed probable that the guards would be shut out and the foreign community left to face the coming assault alone. The guards actually entered Peking at nightfall on May 31. At that time I was in charge of the Anglican Mission in the west city, and kept a careful diary of events as they occurred and of the feeling in the city as it was represented to me by native servants and Christians.

For the past fortnight we had viewed with increasing anxiety the steady growth of Boxer influence in the city and the persistent rumours of danger which were bruited about the streets. Day by day the Christians came to me with the warning, 'This danger will not blow over'; and their actions gave weight to their words, for they all with one accord began to pack up their goods, pawn their valuables, and prepare for themselves places of retreat in case of a sudden emergency.

Meanwhile nothing was done by the Chinese Government to check the rising tide of disaffection beyond the issue of a few half-hearted edicts, which were received by the people with open derision.

Thus it was with a sickening feeling of disappointment that we heard on Sunday, May 27, that the Ministers had granted the

Chinese Government a week in which to quell the Boxer movement; and when next day the report came in that Fêngt'ai station had been burnt, and the engineers driven away, we received the news with positive thankfulness. I remember well the delight of a young American with whom I discussed that event the next morning. 'We are saved,' he said. 'The ministers do nothing whilst only native Christians are murdered; now the Boxers have touched the line, and they will be forced to move.' He was quite right. It was the burning of Fêngt'ai station which saved the situation and, as I believe, preserved us all from having our throats cut. For the foreign ministers at once took a strong attitude, ordered up the guards, and informed the Chinese Government that they would come peaceably if possible; by force if peaceable entrance was denied them. The consequence was that after two days' shuffling and shilly-shallying the necessary permission was reluctantly given. But there was every motive to urge the Chinese to refuse permission, or, after permission given, to allow the Boxers to rise, or the Imperial soldiers to mutiny and attack the guards.

The country was up. After the burning of Fêngt'ai no one could any longer venture to believe that the movement would stop at the destruction of Christian chapels and the massacre of native Christians; the Government was manifestly either on the side of the insurgents or at least half-hearted in opposition. The Court was bitterly affronted by the determination of the foreign ministers to force guards upon the city, and the common rumour that six of the Privy Council were resolved upon resistance at all hazards was probably not far from the truth; the city itself was full of Boxers only waiting their hour to burn and plunder. The Imperial troops were widely disaffected; many were openly in favour of supporting the Boxers, none were ready to restrain them from any anti-foreign violence. Tung fu hsiang, with his Kan su braves, occupied the Chinese city, and was ready for any opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the foreigner; the number of soldiers which the ministers proposed to call up was so small as to ensure defeat in the event of any attack, whilst the threatened march up, viewed in the light of the disaster which afterwards befell Admiral Seymour's column, was obviously impossible. If, then, the Chinese had either refused to allow the guards to come up, or had declared themselves, as they did twenty days later, in favour of attack, the defence of the Legations would

have been rendered impossible, and the civilians in Peking would have been at their mercy.

This, then, was the condition of affairs when, on May 31, we heard that, instead of the 1,000 men whom we had before expected, only 330 were on the road, and that they had not started until 4.15 P.M., and consequently could not possibly get into the city before dusk. At 5 P.M. Tung fu hsiang's braves to the number of 6,000 were still encamped between the Ch'ien mén and the Yungting mén, and it was almost beyond reason to believe that they would suffer so small a number of men to march quietly through their midst unharmed, seeing that they were all bitterly anti-foreign and all well aware that nothing would give their chief greater pleasure than an attack upon the foreigners. It seemed more than possible either that the Yungting mén would be shut against the guards, if only for the night, or that in the wide open space between the Yungting mén and the Bridge of Heaven, where there was no cover of any sort, the Kan su braves might fall upon them. In either case, the failure of the guards to get through might have been the signal for the Boxers and city roughs to rise and attack the unprotected foreign houses. A glance at a plan of Peking will show that from the west to the east city there are but two roads—one under the south wall between the Ch'ien mén and the front gate of the Imperial city, the other round by the north wall of the Imperial city. In the event, then, of a sudden outbreak, foreigners living in the south-west would be hopelessly cut off from the foreign quarter in the south-east. To pass the Ch'ien mén, always a crowded thoroughfare, and in disturbed times like these naturally closely guarded, would be impossible; to go a long journey round by the north would take fully two hours, in times of excitement, when the streets are thronged, probably three, and at every step the foreigner would be liable to discovery. Consequently, on May 31 I felt anxious about the event, for the speech of the city was dangerous, and I sent people out into the Chinese city to bring me instant word of any trouble.

About 7 P.M. my nearest neighbour, Dr. Gilbert Reid, came in looking very troubled. He said that he had just returned from the east city, where he found the Legation Street crowded and the Ch'ien mén literally packed with people. The guards were not then in, and the common speech and attitude were threatening. He said that he had already prepared a place of refuge for his

wife and child in the house of a Chinese friend, and he urged me to make every preparation so as to be ready for any emergency. Happily I had before sent away the majority of our mission to the British Legation, and had only one foreigner, a deaconess, with me. By Dr. Reid's advice I warned the native Christians in the event of any outbreak to leave their houses, mingle with the crowd and gradually slip away to some place of hiding. For ourselves, we provided Chinese carts to wait at the back of the compound, proposing to drive about the quieter streets of the city all night, and in the morning seek the best way of escape either by the east or by the west to Tientsin. The carts were ready, the deaconess was disguised as an old Manchu woman, and we waited the result. Happily at eight one of our men ran in with the rumour that the troops had arrived, and half an hour later my boys came to report that they had seen them enter the city. About five Tung fu hsiang's braves had all been led outside the city to the south park, and at eight the foreign guards marched in.

The present danger was past. With many others, I was full of hopes that the presence of even so small a body of troops would overawe the populace, and that peace would be restored; but I was bitterly mistaken. Things within the city and without rapidly went from bad to worse. On June 4 the railway was finally torn up; on June 7 the telegraphic line to Tientsin was cut. Gradually the Boxers closed in upon us; all foreigners gathered together into the lines of defence. Then the Boxers began to burn all the unprotected foreign buildings, and skirmishes between the guards and the enemy were of daily occurrence. Finally, on June 19 the Tsungli Yamen sent us its ultimatum and the siege began in earnest. The only difference made by the arrival of the guards was that the defence of the Legations was rendered possible. Without the marines we should have been undefended; without the native Christians we should have been helpless against the peculiar form of attack which the Chinese now made upon us. We should have had no coolies, no messengers, no servants. The war was a war of barricades. When the relief force arrived they found our position surrounded with a perfect network of them built mainly of brick and earth. Night and day during the whole of the siege we were engaged upon this work, restoring, often by night, the defences which the Chinese cannon had destroyed in the day.

The northern position in Prince Su's palace was defended by

a long trench from three to five feet deep cut into the artificial hills of the pleasure-garden, and banked up high on the enemy's side. This trench connected the Japanese position on the east, which covered the rear of the French and Japanese Legations, with the Italian and British positions on the west, which held the wall on the east bank of the Imperial river and covered the whole east front of the British Legation so that men could pass from the Japanese to the British position in perfect security. In the Legation itself the eastern wall and part of the western was more than doubled in thickness and protected by a trench ten feet deep to prevent mining. On the north, the part of the Hanlin held by the British was guarded by a series of strong barricades, the outermost fitted with gun platforms, and the rest, one behind the other, covering every possible point of attack in case the enemy won their way through the first position. Later in the siege the strong position in the Mongol market taken by Von Strauch was similarly strengthened. Besides this, the American position on the Tartar wall was defended by a series of strong and high barricades built of great bricks, and the approach up the ramp defiladed to prevent sharpshooters picking off men as they changed watch. These works were of such magnitude, and involved such labour in construction, that they would have been absolutely impossible for the small foreign force, which was fully employed in keeping watch on stations thus provided for them. They were all built by native Christians working under the supervision, and generally with the manual aid, of missionaries.

Besides this, in the British Legation alone there were gathered together 473 foreigners without counting the marines. For so great a number it was necessary to have a large body of servants to make life bearable. This work also was performed by the Christian refugees. They acted as cooks, coolies, house-boys, washermen, scavengers; they even supplied us with a cobbler and a watch-mender. They did anything and everything that was necessary. Without them we should have been in the direst straits. The ordinary staff of Legation servants would have been utterly inadequate to support the pressure of so great a multitude, and the ordinary staff of servants was no longer there.

Between June 11 and June 15 a large proportion of the servants deserted their masters on one pretext or another, and fled away to look after their own families. The great inrush of foreigners did not take place until the 20th, and the incomers brought with

them scarcely any servants at all. It was interesting to hear men who had served in Africa or India discussing this peculiarity of Chinese servants. No Indian or African 'boy,' they said, would think for a moment of deserting his master in time of need—the greater the peril, the closer and more faithful would he show himself; while the flight of Chinese servants is one of the signs for which the foreigner learns to watch as the sure prelude of evil at the door. This is indeed an interesting question, and one which needs a master for its proper handling. It can hardly be explained by the assumption that the Chinese are incapable of gratitude or loyalty, for that is a long-exploded fallacy; neither is it to be explained by their peculiar doctrine concerning filial piety, and the strong sense of family duty which certainly does bind them with peculiar strictness to their home. It can, I think, be explained only by the singular nature of the attack made upon foreigners. In China, to attack the foreigner means to attack everyone connected with him, and the attack extends not merely to the individual servant in foreign employ but to his whole household. In China, guilt lies not only at the door of the individual offender—it extends to every member of his family, and vengeance is sought not only upon the individual but upon his kinsfolk. Thus in the present instance the Chinese servants felt that, unless they were at home to look after their own families and provide for them some place of refuge, their nearest and dearest would be at the mercy of an enemy who knew no pity. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that they deserted, for every human feeling urged them to desert. But, be that as it may, desert they did; and if it had not been for the presence of the Christians the Legations would have been in evil plight.

It is a curious and interesting thing, when we remember the large part that these people played in the salvation of the foreigners in Peking, to consider the way in which they were collected together. There were in all within the defended lines nearly 4,000 Christians. Not one of these was brought in by the counsel of the ministers, and the larger half came without even the counsel of their pastors. When we first began to think that retreat to the Legations would be necessary, the orders given to us were that no Christians could be received, and this order was repeated again and again to the Protestant missionaries who defended their Christians in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung. But on

June 15, mainly by the exertions of Dr. Morrison, the 'Times' correspondent, and Mr. Huberty James, one of the professors in the Imperial University, a party of soldiers was sent out to the west city to rescue the Roman Catholics who, as we heard, were being massacred by the Boxers near the south cathedral. This party brought in during the day a large number of Christians, one convoy containing nearly 300. These were settled in Prince Su's palace; and in the course of the next twenty-four hours others came in gradually in small parties till the number amounted to about 2,000. Some were wounded more or less severely, some were sick, all were destitute; and they were tended and fed by Dr. Morrison and his helpers until the siege began in real earnest and their presence became not only a necessity but a cause for thankfulness. They thus did us a double service: they provided us with coolies and they forced upon us the occupation of Prince Su's palace, which, after the burning of the Austrian Legation and the customs buildings, became one of the keys of the strategic position. The rest, who numbered about 1,700, had been gathered into the great compound in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung which belonged to the American Methodists. Into that place all the American missionaries had collected, and there they had erected fortifications of the most elaborate and ingenious construction, intending to hold it with the aid of a small guard of American marines against the Boxers.

But when on June 20 the condition of affairs changed, and it became a war not against Boxers only but against the Imperial troops, the lines of defence were closed in and the American guard withdrawn. They had thus no choice but to leave their own compound and join the rest of the allies within the lines. The missionaries came into the British Legation, and the native Christians were settled in Su's palace. These American missionaries and their converts did us the most signal service. The organisation of the community was largely due to Mr. Tewkesbury; the arduous task of fortifying the Legation was laid upon Mr. Gamewell. Coming from their own strongly fortified position, they were surprised to find the Legation without defences of any sort. But Mr. Gamewell at once put himself at the service of the military commanders, and proceeded to construct the fortifications of which we were afterwards so proud. Worn out as he was with the incessant labour which he had endured in the Hsiao shun Hu t'ung compound, he began again, and laboured through-

out the entire siege with an untiring zeal. Sick or well, he was everywhere, personally watching over every part of his work with a marvellous activity which really earned for him the clever nickname, with which Dr. Arthur Smith<sup>1</sup> dubbed him, of 'Limited Omnipresence.' The manual labour was done by the missionaries under him, supported by gangs of Christians. These men knew that they were working to defend their own lives as well as ours, and they worked night and day. Some few of them showed the most conspicuous courage under fire; nearly all of them laboured hard and cheerfully when led; a few shirked. But it must always be remembered that amongst these coolies were many men who had been employed as teachers, preachers, doctors' assistants, and in other positions of trust, and were consequently unused to manual labour of any kind, still less to the incessant hard labour which they were expected to endure in our service. I have seen a man fall sick over his spade; I have seen men worn out with toil lie down in the trenches and on the instant fall so fast asleep that it was difficult to awaken them even with blows. But the work which they accomplished was one of the prime causes of the salvation of the Legations.

Thus protected, there were within the defended area 473 civilians, 350 marines, and nearly 4,000 natives. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been impossible to feed such a multitude even for a week; yet, so far from feeling the extreme pinch of famine, we enjoyed throughout the two months of our siege abundance of the necessities of life. It is true that the Roman Catholic Christians in Su's palace were reduced to feeding upon dog's flesh and a coarse cake made of bran and straw mixed with a little meal; and that in the British Legation itself certain commodities, especially fresh fruit and vegetables, milk and eggs, were so scarce that an egg was often divided between two sick people, and even the hospital was unable to supply the wounded and sick with milk; but the general abundance is proved by the fact that not until the last days of July was it felt necessary to order each household to send in to headquarters a list of its supplies, and even then the list only referred to white flour (foreign), sugar, tea, and rice. This happy result was due, not to any kindly generosity on the part of the Chinese Government, but to the fact that within the defended area we were fortunate enough to find large and unexpected stores.

<sup>1</sup> The well known author of *Chinese Characteristics*.

When we first took refuge in the Legation we were ordered to carry with us provisions for a fortnight, the longest time which it was conceived possible that the siege could last before relief arrived from Tientsin. Thus each new arrival brought in a certain amount of food, and each mess kept its own store throughout the siege. But that would have been utterly inadequate for the support of the community during the two months in which for practical purposes we received no supplies from outside, and private stores had to be supplemented by large additions from the common stock, which dealt out liberal rations daily. This common stock was gathered in during the morning of June 20 and in the quieter intervals of the next few days, and was subsequently increased by additions found in the immediate surroundings of the Legation. No one, however, could have anticipated that we should find such large stores of food in the defended area. This extended along the Legation street from the American Legation on the west to the French Legation on the east. Next door to the American Legation on the west was one of the foreign stores, which was subsequently burnt; but it was not burnt until its entire supply of food was safely within the Legation walls. Further east, between the Japanese and the French Legations, were situated the two other foreign stores, and the whole of their contents was preserved.

These latter supplies were not large, but they gave us a considerable quantity of tinned meat, preserved fruit, tea, and coffee, and abundance of wine of all sorts, together with an adequate amount of aerated water. The necessities of life—rice, flour, and meat—were found in Chinese stores and the stables of the community. When we first began to collect, we found in the Legation street a large Chinese grain-shop which had been replenished only a few days before, and contained many thousand bushels of the best wheat. This was all brought into the Legation, together with three large grinding-mills, and not only provided all our wants during the siege, but left a surplus sufficient to have lasted for at least another month. For fresh meat we were wholly dependent upon the ponies and mules belonging to the foreign community. On June 20, it is true that we brought in a small flock of sheep and a few cows, but these were reserved for women and the sick, and were generally in such poor condition that in the opinion of most people pony-meat was infinitely preferable.

The number of ponies and mules brought in at the beginning of the siege was very great—greater indeed than it was possible for us to keep alive—and in consequence many were lost or driven away, and it would have been utterly impossible to keep more than a very few if we had not discovered within the lines a large Chinese shop full of fodder, which was afterwards supplemented by smaller quantities found in some of the houses between the British and Russian Legations. Thanks to these supplies, we kept enough ponies and mules in condition to feed us liberally with good fresh meat to the end, and when the relief arrived we had still some half-dozen ponies and mules left. In addition we found large quantities of rice, which formed a standing dish at nearly every meal, and one of which most of us got heartily sick. Thus, though we often lacked many of the commodities which make eating a pleasure, and the want of potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruit, milk, eggs, and chickens told hardly upon the babies and the weakly, many of whom suffered a good deal, yet the healthy appetite, whetted by manual labour, was never at a loss for the wherewithal to satisfy its legitimate demands.

One of the reasons which made the British rather than any other Legation the natural stronghold of the besieged was its splendid water-supply. In Peking there is always plenty of water. In nearly every part of the city it is found a few feet below the surface, and wells abound; but nearly all of it is bitter, and most of it is dangerously impure, so that a fresh-water well is considered a source of revenue. In the British Legation there were no less than five wells of good drinking-water, and two others, large and deep, the water from which could be used for washing. Thus, though at first they were measured day by day with some little anxiety, and baths were forbidden, yet, in spite of the fact that a large quantity of water was used in extinguishing fires, and that the expenditure for household purposes tended to grow more lavish as time went on, the amount in the wells, refreshed by occasional storms of rain, rather increased than diminished, and the community suffered no lack. It is truly astonishing how fully every need of the besieged was supplied without any special preparation, without any forethought on their part. What in most cases is provided by men for themselves with the most painstaking care was for us found ready to hand as we needed it. If we had expected a long siege a month beforehand, and had had every facility for providing ourselves with stores, we might

indeed have had more luxuries, but we could not have been in less danger of real famine.

If the British Legation was naturally adapted by the magnificence of its water-supply to be the stronghold upon which the allies were to retire in case of emergency, it was also the only Legation large enough to contain the entire foreign community. There were actually within its walls on August 1 some 883 people, Chinese and foreigners, men, women, and children; and if we had been driven out, the natural place of retreat would have been, not one of the other Legations, but the palace of Prince Su. As a defensible position, however, it had several very weak spots. One of the most dangerous modes of attack which the Chinese could employ was fire, and in three places the Legation was peculiarly liable to that danger. On the west side there was a collection of Chinese houses close against the Legation wall, at a place where the outbuildings of the Chinese Secretary's house actually touched it. In the south-west corner there were Chinese buildings close up to the stables, and if the latter had once caught fire the whole of that quarter must have been demolished. In the north the great halls of the Hanlin college and library were close to the back of the students' quarters, the Minister's stables, and the servants' outbuildings. On each of these points in rapid succession the enemy made an assault.

The organised attack of the Chinese troops began on June 20. For the past few days the wind had been S.S.E., but on Friday, June 22, a west breeze sprang up, and they managed to set fire to the buildings behind the Chinese Secretary's house. In one of the courtyards close up to the wall was a wooden scaffolding or *p'êng*, such as the Chinese use in the summer to make a mat shed over their yards to shelter them from the sun. This we had allowed to remain standing, and by it the enemy found an easy means of setting the whole place in a blaze. At that time the community was scarcely organised, and the fire committee was not yet generally recognised; the largest of our two hand-pumps refused to work, no one knew who was in command, and orders were issued by anyone who had a mind to give them. The wildest confusion prevailed, and the disturbance which everywhere attends a fire was here increased by the incessant cracking of the rifles. Some men fell upon the servants' quarters, which adjoined the wall, and tore down every visible piece of woodwork—doors and window-sashes; others rushed into the house itself and swept everything

portable out into the garden. Curtains, pictures, books, furniture were snatched violently from their places; even the matting on the floors was crumpled up, and the whole bundled unceremoniously out. In five minutes the house presented the appearance of having been looted by Boxers. Happily it was all quite unnecessary: the wind was light, the volunteer firemen, with the aid of the small hose and strings of buckets, kept the fire from encroaching on our side the wall, and gradually the danger passed away.

That first attempt brought home to us the truth that until the buildings nearest to us were destroyed we lay under continual danger of disaster, and we immediately set to work on the south-west corner to pull down some of the most dangerous buildings, especially a small temple which lay just under the south corner of the stables. The Hanlin we hoped was safe. In it was stored the first library in the kingdom, and the place was in Chinese eyes almost sacred. For us to have burnt it would have been an act of aggression against the Imperial Majesty such as we shrank from committing; for the Boxers to fire it without direct orders from the throne would have been an act of insurrection such as would have merited, and under ordinary circumstances would have received, condign punishment. Indeed, before the act was committed it would have been deemed absurd, not to say impossible.

Nevertheless, the Chinese in this instance, as in so many others during the siege, falsified all calculations based on earlier precedent. We ourselves were so uneasy about their presence in the Hanlin that we had already resolved to send in a party of marines to clear the place, when they anticipated us by an hour and set it on fire. There was a strong north wind blowing at the time, and the danger to the Legation was for a while very great. People even began to discuss the best means of retreat in case Sir Claude Macdonald's house was burnt. Everyone in the Legation turned out to fight the fire. We had to defend the whole north wall of the Legation, the greatest danger being at the students' quarters and the Minister's stables. We sent in a party of marines, who seized and held the great hall behind the students' quarters; we exerted all our efforts to keep the water-supply plentiful. Still all our labour might have been in vain had not the wind changed. With this powerful assistance the fire was gradually overcome, but the whole of the beautiful Hanlin compound, only excepting the one great hall which we held, was utterly destroyed

and the library completely lost. When I went up there in the evening the fire was still burning, making a vast red glare against the deep blue of the Chinese evening sky, and one great tree which remained standing in the courtyard, stripped of all foliage, stretched out its bare arms to heaven burning with no flame but with a hollow translucent glow as if it had been cut out of a living ruby. The remnants of the library were scattered over the ground or trampled into the mire, and the great dictionary of Yung Lo was soaking in the ornamental pool in front of the smaller library. It was a sight to move pity even in the hearts of those who had been saved by the destruction.

At the third point of danger, the south stables, as I have already remarked, we had made some preparation, and in another day or two we should doubtless have had the place safe. The enemy, therefore, made their attack next day, Sunday, June 24, about 10 A.M. Again they were tempted by a favourable westerly breeze, and again the wind changed, and all danger of fire was over at one o'clock. For a time, however, we were in serious danger. There was hard by the house in the stable-yard a large door in the west wall, leading into the Mongol market. If this had fallen the enemy would have been able to fire from their loopholes on the other side of the market straight into the Legation, even if they had not been tempted to charge. Round this door the battle raged. On our side volunteers, amongst whom it would be invidious to mention names, were pulling down the adjacent stables and building up against the door, then actually on fire, a huge brick barricade. On their side the enemy advanced right up to our wall, coolly set up their flag, and poured upon us an incessant rain of bullets through the burning houses.

It was to drive out these troops that the British marines, led by Captain Halliday, made a sortie through a breach in the wall a little to the north. In this sortie Captain Halliday fell seriously wounded in the shoulder, and one of the marines received a wound in the groin from which he subsequently died. But, thanks to their courage, the enemy were driven back, and the volunteers inside the Legation, aided by the wind, kept out the fire. Before nightfall the gate was supported by brickwork six or eight feet thick. Thus within three days the enemy had done for us what we must otherwise have done more slowly ourselves, and one of the great dangers which beset us was removed. After

this last fire there remained no buildings outside the Legation near enough to cause us any real anxiety, and, indeed, after June 24 until the day of our relief we suffered no further alarm on that score. The enemy might have attempted to burn one of our principal buildings by means of fireballs or fire-arrows, and they succeeded in thus demolishing a large part of Prince Su's palace, and in driving the native Christians out of the northern part of that compound, but they never attempted it in the British Legation, or, if they attempted it, they failed so completely that they did not even arouse our alarms. We did indeed often see fireballs thrown up in the Hanlin, but they never came near us, and we generally supposed that they were merely intended as signals.

Nevertheless, though danger of fire was removed, yet our position was a sufficiently perilous one. The enemy held the Imperial palace wall on our north, the Tartar wall from the Ch'ien mén to the American Legation on our south, the Mongol market and the carriage park on our west, and the northern part of Su's palace on the east. From the palace wall they commanded the whole Legation at a distance of about 300 yards, and there they constructed a huge platform forty feet long, fitted in front with iron doors, behind which they prepared their guns in perfect security. After the siege was over I went up on to this platform, and then for the first time I realised how great our danger had been. The ground between the wall and the Legation was cleared by the burning of the Hanlin. Straight in front, in full view, was the roof of the students' quarters, and behind that, amidst the trees of the Legation, were the chimneys of the different houses clearly visible, whilst the roofs of some of the higher buildings showed their entire length. With a good gun it seemed as if one could in a moment reduce that Legation to the condition of ruin in which the Hanlin lay at one's feet, whilst the other Legations were visible a little farther off, and a clever gunner could have trained his weapon with absolute certainty on any one of the principal buildings. If one of us civilians had stood on that platform during the siege he would have said, 'The game is up. The Legation cannot hold out for twenty-four hours.'

From the Ch'ien mén, again, the enemy could have shelled the whole quarter occupied by the foreigners. The actual buildings of some of the Legations were not so conspicuous as they were from the palace wall, but the position of them was perfectly clear, and it would have been possible to do almost as much

damage from that station as from the other. The top of the wall was fifty feet above the city level, whilst if one took the trouble to ascend the gate tower, another fifty feet, one would have a bird's-eye view of the whole city. From that position the enemy could have shelled us in perfect security, for their barricades facing the American guard on the wall were well built and strongly manned, and could only have been taken at fearful cost.

In the Mongol market, after the burning of the houses on our side of the open space where the Mongols pitch their winter tents, the enemy had an uninterrupted view of the south stables. They loopholed the walls of the houses on their side and poured in a continual rifle-fire upon the stable-house which rendered it dangerous to approach any of the windows; and on June 28 they mounted a gun behind a barricade at a distance of about 100 yards and proceeded to shell the house. They put four shells in succession through the walls of the upper story, driving out the guard and reducing the house to the verge of collapse. Then they fired at the charred remnants of the gate which we had so carefully supported, and, finding that they could make no impression upon it, they ceased and removed the gun. It was fortunate for us that they did not attack the wall on either side of the gate, for we had not then strengthened it, and they could easily have breached it and thus made for themselves an open way into the Legation.

Of the importance of the position in Su's palace I have already spoken. Its capture would not only have laid open the rear of the Spanish, Japanese, and French Legations, but would also have given the enemy complete command of the whole east front of the British Legation. The Imperial river comes out from under the Imperial city wall and flows due south under the bridge of the Legation street through the Tartar city wall, by what is now called the 'water gate,' into the moat. On the east side is the high wall of Su's palace, on the west the parallel wall of the British Legation with its great gate in the centre. These two walls are thus about fifty paces apart, and in dry weather, or when it pleases the sluice-keeper in the palace, the river-bed is dry. If the enemy had taken the wall of Su's palace, they could have mounted a gun and breached the Legation wall, or marched up the river-bed under cover of fire from that position. They captured half of Su's palace; they had a gun there with which to destroy our barricades, and they might without any very great loss have

captured the rest. From any one, then, of these four positions they might have made a successful attack at any time during the siege; from two of them they could have destroyed us without our being able to strike a blow.

It is difficult now to discover exactly what guns the enemy actually had during the siege; we were only conscious of the use of three or four, which they continually moved from place to place, and these for the most part they served very badly. They fired high, from the palace wall over into the Chinese city, from the Ch'ien mén into the east city; they fired ill-fitting shells, which travelled slowly with a peculiar irregular buzz like that of an ill-made humming-top; they fired false shells filled with white lime or some such substance; they used ancient cannon which presented us with a fine collection of old iron round-shot; finally, so soon as they got the range and were really doing us serious damage, they ceased firing, and carried off their gun to take up another position. Even with the use which they did make of their guns, if they had followed up their advantage they could certainly have inflicted upon us serious loss. In Su's grounds they shelled one of our barricades, forced us to retire, and occupied it themselves before morning without the loss of a man. In the south stables they were within an ace of breaching the wall. During the early days of the siege they could have blown down the west wall at any point, and opened a path into the heart of the Legation. Why they did not do so it is extremely difficult to explain. It was probably due partly to dissensions amongst their leaders, partly to fear. I suppose that Prince Ch'ing and the commanders more immediately under his influence were not anxious to make any vigorous attack, and divided counsels in court and camp led to half-hearted action in the field. It is certain that the troops were inspired with a strange fear of us.

When we went out to view the city after the relief, we found their barricades in the Legation street built one behind the other as though the enemy had been the attacked and we the attacking force and they had been compelled to provide themselves with a place of retreat in case we had driven them back. This fear did not impel them to flight when we did go out against them; for the sorties which we made in the hope of capturing their guns ended in dismal failure, but it prevented them from coming in to us. It is true that they did twice break into our lines—once at the very beginning of the siege when the Japanese in Su's palace

grounds led them into a trap and inflicted upon them some loss; and later, on July 13, when they made the last serious attack, exploding their mine in the French Legation. A party of them then succeeded in taking the German barricade, and rushed down the road under the Tartar wall till they were finally driven back by the Americans and Germans with a loss of forty men. But for the rest of the time they never once attempted to charge or to follow up in any way the success of their guns. On the very night of the great attack on the French Legation they allowed us to build up in Prince Su's grounds a barricade which they had shelled during the day, and which we could not have held for a moment against a determined assault. The night before that the Italians, who covered the right flank of the British position in that place, retired before their fire, and if they had rushed in they would not only have met with no resistance, but would have taken the British in the rear and cut off their retreat. However, they were afraid. This fear was due partly to a well-grounded dread of meeting the foreigner at close quarters, partly to an empty superstition.

The great majority of the soldiers, and all the Boxers who attacked us, had never met a foe armed with foreign weapons before, and they were quite unprepared for the furious and deadly resistance which they actually encountered. They no doubt expected to wipe out the foreigners in a few days, and as time went on, and the defence grew stronger rather than weaker, they became discouraged. The attack on the north cathedral in the city failed, the attack on Tientsin failed, and men and guns were withdrawn from the city to meet the expected advance of the Allies. The soldiers grew weary, discontented, and dispirited. Boxer magic failed; the Boxers fell before foreign bullets like ordinary mortals; the spirit warriors did not descend from heaven to aid them; the gods were plainly unable or unwilling to help them against the foreigner's arts. In ordinary times of peace the Chinese believes that many things done by the foreigners are accomplished by some secret 'medicine.' He sees huge blocks of stone created out of a little dust; he sees carriages travel at amazing speed without visible means of propulsion; or he hears of these marvels and of others still more fabulous, some monstrous and absurd. It is all one to him. If one is true, all may be true. What further miracles the foreigner can perform, what subtle and unspeakable means he has at his command to afflict mankind and

avenge him on his foes, the Chinese can only guess, and he is consequently afraid. I should not be in the least surprised if the report went round the Chinese camp on the night of June 28 that the besieged had by magic prevented the Chinese gun from knocking down a half-burnt tottering wooden gate. Whatever the cause, the Chinese were held back by this fear from direct assault, and their ranks were gradually thinned by desertion.

Thus, deprived of their most formidable weapons of attack, they had to fall back upon those more secret and laborious methods which seem peculiarly suited to the Chinese character—approach by barricades and mines. On the Tartar wall, in the Mongol market, in the Hanlin, and in Su's palace grounds, they succeeded in working their way to within a few paces of our position, so that it was not uncommon for the opposing forces to pelt one another with broken brick, and we at one time attempted to burst their sandbags by throwing vitriol upon them, whilst at quiet intervals each party could hear the orders given in the other's quarters, or sit quietly listening to the chink-chink of brick laid upon brick. The Chinese built splendid barricades with the most wonderful speed and silence. On the Tartar wall they one night raised a new barricade within a few feet of the American position. The night was dark, and the sentry said that he noticed nothing until he saw a row of large bricks about a foot and a half high close up to him, which grew brick by brick under his eyes. He saw no enemy—he saw nothing but bricks rising up one upon the other. In the morning there was a new barricade eight or ten feet high. But when the enemy could make no use of the position thus gained it mattered little. Day after day and night after night our men squatted behind their barricades whilst the enemy poured in a continual rain of bullets. The only danger was in approaching the loopholes, for the Chinese had a few crack marksmen who seemed to make certain of hitting a loophole, and consequently the number of men wounded whilst on watch was considerable. For the rest, the perpetual night attacks and incessant rifle-fire seemed rather intended to keep us on the alert and to wear out our nerves than to do actual damage, for the shooting was generally very wild, high over the Legation buildings, and nearly all the people wounded in the open spaces of the Legation were hit by ricochet bullets.

More serious was the danger of mines. At these, as at barricades, the Chinese worked swiftly and silently, but happily

for us they did not make any attempt until late in the siege, and only one of their mining ventures was brought to a successful issue. On Friday, July 13, they exploded a mine in the French Legation, and blew down one of the houses, but no one was killed; only two men were wounded, and the French succeeded in holding the rest of their Legation. A mine which they dug under the students' mess-room in the British Legation at the end of the siege might have had far more serious results. I have already mentioned that all down the inside of the west wall of the Legation we had dug a deep trench to cut any mine attempted by the enemy. There was, however, one place where the trench ceased just behind the students' mess-room, because there was the students' kitchen. On the other side of the wall was one of the great halls in which the Imperial sedans and carriages were kept. The enemy began their mine in the floor of this hall, and, either by chance or treachery, struck upon this one spot where our trench ceased. The mine was finished, the fuse was laid, the powder was ready at the head of the mine; all that remained to do was to carry the powder to the end of the passage and fire the fuse. When the relief force arrived on August 14, one of the first works which the Sikhs undertook was the clearing of the carriage park. They found in it only five men, whom we at first supposed to be sharpshooters; but afterwards, when the soldiers came to occupy the great halls, they discovered this large mine, and it was then concluded that those five men had remained in the park intending to explode the mine that night. It was, indeed, a happy escape; for in the ground-floor of the mined building all the students messed and many of them slept, and in the upper story there was a guard. Consequently the explosion of the mine at an opportune moment would not only have breached the carriage-park wall and wrecked the building, but would have also involved a large body of the fighting men in the ruins. The failure of the enemy to fire that mine remains, and must remain for the present, an unexplained mystery.

On the Tartar wall we found the beginning of another mine, but it had not proceeded more than a few feet. In all this we were singularly fortunate. A danger which might have been most serious, and against which we had for nearly half the time of the siege made no adequate preparation, passed by us. In the Roman Catholic cathedral in the north, which was defended by the French Fathers, with the aid of a few marines and a host of

native Christians, the explosion of a mine resulted in great loss of life.

One other danger beset us—the danger of epidemic disease. From this, too, we were wonderfully preserved. In the season when Peking is most unhealthy, when all women and children, and those men who can escape, usually flee away to the hills or the seaside, or at least go out at frequent intervals for a breath of fresh air, when malaria is rampant and typhoid and cholera abound, 883 people were cooped up in a space 300 yards long by 100 wide, whole Legations crowded into houses built for a single family, whole families into the rooms provided for a single student, seventy people living in a chapel seated for scarcely fifty. With the naturally pestilential air of Peking rendered fiftyfold worse by the stench of rotting horses and mules, with individual cases of scarlet fever, typhoid, dysentery, and malaria in the compound, whilst in the next compound and the neighbouring houses were collected 3,000 or 4,000 Chinese refugees, amongst whom were cases of small-pox and measles—there was yet no outbreak of any epidemic. Several causes combined to bring about that unusual and unexpected result, but none by itself, nor all taken together, can really *explain* it.

In the first place, the nature of the food provided for us probably conduced greatly to the health of the community. Siege diet was of course hard upon babies, but children old enough to run about thrive on it; and for grown men, though nearly all lost pounds and stones in weight, yet the loss in weight did not seem to entail a corresponding loss in strength. The food was such as to satisfy hunger without tempting to excess, and there was no ‘cholera food,’ and so we escaped one of the greatest dangers which the hot weather brings to Europeans. Moreover, the summer was this year exceptionally mild, and at a time when the heat is usually most intense we were often glad of a blanket at night. We did, indeed, suffer a few very hot days and nights, when even a sheet seemed intolerable, but the great heat never lasted for many days at one time, cool breezes and showers relieving the strain, so that it was a matter of universal comment amongst those who had lived a few years in North China that we had seldom or never passed through a hot season with so little discomfort.

Another cause of the general healthiness was doubtless the unceasing employment which kept every one busy and made most

people properly hungry. Nearly every able-bodied man was hard at work during the whole siege, building, digging, keeping watch, filling and carting sandbags, or at some such wholesome labour. The provision of sandbags, of which we turned out a vast quantity, kept a whole army busy. All day the women-folk were sewing and filling these indispensable means of defence. It was often difficult to supply material fast enough for the sewing people, or for the sewing people to satisfy the insistent demands of the diggers, or for the diggers to keep up with the carters, or the carters with the demands of the builders. Men, women, and children all turned out to fill sandbags. In the same pit were Greek priests with their cassocks tied round their waists and their hair twisted into a knot, ladies, and coolies. Children, foreign and Chinese, ran to and fro with rickshas piled with bags, thinking it the greatest fun until they were tired. Sandbag making and filling was the one unceasing occupation; after handing water-buckets at a fire, or keeping a watch, or building a wall, if any one was in search of something to do there was always the useful employment of filling sandbags. The weakest could hold bags for the digger, the strongest could weary himself with a long spell of digging. So it came to pass that most people were hungry at mealtime and sleepy at bedtime. Then for leisure hours there was a good supply of books. The Chinese secretary, Mr. Cockburn, had a small but amazingly catholic library. This he threw open to the common use, and the multitude used his liberality to the full.

Throughout the siege none fell sick for want of something better to do, or melancholy for want of something to think about. The consequence was that the spirits of the community, as a whole, were very good. Scarcely any lost heart, or if they did they concealed it. We were always expecting to be relieved in a few days, and we always had some fresh proof that the relief was close at hand. It would be wearisome here to recount all the rumours and arguments which went on every day about this one subject. My diary is full of them from one end to the other. Of course many of these rumours and reports were vain and worthless, but they all tended to keep up people's spirits, and we received at suitable intervals messages from Tientsin, some most provoking, but all sufficient to cause expectation and excitement. Towards the end of the siege, moreover, Colonel Shiba employed a soldier in the bodyguard of Jung Lu to bring him news, and this

man provided us with a complete history of the march of an imaginary relief force supposed to have left Tientsin on July 21, and led on with suitable victories by comfortable stages to within seventeen miles of the city. The force was said to have reached that last stage on July 30, and then the poor man, being in straits to explain why it did not appear, defeated it and forced it to retire two stages. It was frequently remarked by the wise that the man was well worth his money, because, though his story was a mass of lies, yet it helped to keep up the spirits of the besieged at a time when the strain was most heavily felt. And happily the false story was not ended before the true story began, so that the reaction and disgust which might otherwise have depressed us were scarcely felt.

Of the real causes for anxiety, of the facts which might have led even the stoutest-hearted to despair, we were happily ignorant. Of the counsels of the commanders in Tientsin to put off the relief until after the end of August we knew nothing. On July 28 we received a letter from the British Consul at Tientsin which exasperated us all because it did not inform us of the date at which we might expect relief, and we all said many hard things about its author in consequence; but at least it hid from us the truth, and for that we have since learnt to be duly grateful. Again, few of us realised the strength of the enemy's position until we walked round the city after we had been relieved, and none of us had any idea of the resources at the enemy's command. Because the Chinese fired ill-fitting shells and gingal bullets, we supposed them to be short of ammunition; because we were only conscious of two or three guns we imagined that they had no more. About the mine in the carriage park, moreover, in spite of the persistent assertion of some of the men that they heard the enemy working in that quarter, we were very sceptical; only in the conviction that the enemy would not dare to charge home, or that if they did break in they would be heartily glad to get out again, was our confidence well based. But that confidence, based on solid or on hollow grounds, was undoubtedly a source of strength to us, and tended to the preservation of the community.

These, then, were some of the causes by which we were saved from serious disaster. It is abundantly clear from what has been said that we were saved, not by what we did for ourselves so much as by what the Chinese refrained from doing; not so much by our own foresight as by an unexpected combination of circum-

stances over which we had little or no control. All things seemed to work together for our salvation. Intrigues in the palace, wind and weather, the thoughtful care of good men for the native Christians, the rash impulses of the Boxers which disclosed the plot against us before its time, the private arrangements of Chinese shopkeepers, the superstitions of the ignorant, the rivalry of the Allies—all these combined to save us. Some men say we had extraordinary luck. But they are not the wise.

Arima : September 27, 1900.

*THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY.*

HUSH Thee, hush Thee, little Son,  
 Dearest and divinest One :  
 Thine are all the untamed herds  
 That upon the mountain go,  
 Thine are all the timid birds,  
 Thine the thunders and the snow.

Cry not so. Husho, my dear !  
 Thunder shall not come Thee near  
 While its roar shall frighten Thee.  
 Mother holds Thee safe and warm ;  
 Thou shalt walk upon the sea  
 And cry 'Peace' unto the storm.

Thou shalt take the souls of men  
 In Thine hand, as I a wren.  
 But not yet, not yet, my Son.  
 Thou art still a babe asleep ;  
 All Thy glories are un-won,  
 All mine own Thou art to keep.

Some day I shall see Thee stand  
 King and Lord of every land.  
 Now I feed Thee at my breast,  
 And delight to feel Thee near.  
 Some day—Ah ! this time is best.  
 Hush Thee, hush Thee, Babe most dear !

NORA HOPPER.

*CHARLOTTE BRONTË*<sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

THE ten years from 1840 to 1850 were a very eventful decade to me. In 1844 my father fell into ill health, and went to live at Box Hill near Dorking, where he died in August 1846. Mr. Elder had never taken a leading part in the business, and when my father's health broke down the general management to a great extent fell on me. At this time I was twenty years of age. In the year 1845 we had to face the fact that my father's condition was hopeless, and he retired from the firm. Mr. Elder deciding to retire at the same time, a new partnership was constituted by the remaining partner (whose name I prefer not to mention) and myself. The partnership lasted only about two years, after which time I was under the painful necessity of dissolving it. The entire control of the business now fell upon my rather youthful shoulders. My condition was a very anxious one: nearly every penny my father possessed had been invested in the business; the provision for my mother and my young brothers and sisters was absolutely dependent on its success; and although the business was a profitable one, I had the gravest reasons for anxiety as to its financial position, which had been cruelly undermined. It will be seen that the situation was one to bring out whatever there was in me, and I worked with all the intensity and zeal of which I was capable. The work I got through may be described as enormous. In addition to my previous responsibilities, I had to take in hand the Indian and Colonial correspondence, of which my partner had previously been in charge. This work was, of course, more difficult for me at first, as the details of it were new, but I quickly mastered it. I must in those days have had great powers of endurance; the correspondence was heavy, the letters were often both very long and very important; I used to dictate to a clerk while two others were occupied in copying. It was a common thing for me and many of the clerks to work until three or four o'clock in the morning, and occasionally, when there was but a short interval between the

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1900 by George M. Smith in the United States of America.]

arrival and departure of the Indian mails, I used to start work at nine o'clock of one morning, and neither leave my room nor cease dictating until seven o'clock the next evening, when the mail was despatched. During these thirty-two hours of continuous work I was supported by mutton-chops and green tea at stated intervals. I believe I maintained my health by active exercise on foot and horseback, and by being able after these excessive stretches of work to sleep soundly for many hours; on these occasions I generally got to bed at about eleven, and slept till three or four o'clock the next afternoon.

Happily for me my mother removed to London shortly after my father's death, and I had the advantage of her daily support and sympathy. Naturally, the hard work was not the worst for me; the continuous anxiety and sense of responsibility from which I had to suffer were even more crushing. Had it not been that I had in my mother a woman of the most indomitable courage, I do not believe that I could have sustained the combined stress of anxiety and work. My mother's cheerful spirit never forsook her: in looking back I can see that she devoted herself to sustaining my courage; she even made fun of our perilous position. On one Sunday, when I was unusually depressed, she took me for a walk in Kensington Gardens; a more wretched creature than I felt, and I suppose looked, when we started for our walk could hardly be imagined, but my mother had evidently set her heart on cheering me. She had some gift of mimicry, and she drew such a humorous picture of the result of our utter ruin, when she expressed her intention, if the worst came, of having a Berlin wool shop in the Edgware Road, and so admirably mimicked one of my sisters—who was regarded in the family as having rather a taste for display—serving behind the counter, that I could not restrain my laughter, and returned home in a different and more hopeful condition of mind.

At this time I was unable to give much attention to the publishing business, but the firm produced some books of importance, and if these unpretentious jottings are found interesting by the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, I may possibly ask the editor to give his consideration to a few of my reminiscences of their authors and of other writers whom I have known subsequently. Meanwhile I propose to devote the present paper to some recollections of a writer whose personality, as well as, or even more than, her literary gifts, was always peculiarly interesting to me.

In July 1847 a parcel containing a MS. reached our office addressed to the firm, but bearing also the scored-out addresses of three or four other publishing houses; showing that the parcel had been previously submitted to other publishers. This was not calculated to prepossess us in favour of the MS. It was clear that we were offered what had been already rejected elsewhere.

The parcel contained the MS. of 'The Professor,' by 'Currer Bell,' a book which was published after Charlotte Brontë's death. Mr. Williams, the 'reader' to the firm, read the MS., and said that it evinced great literary power, but he had doubts as to its being successful as a publication. We decided that he should write to 'Currer Bell' a letter of appreciative criticism declining the work, but expressing an opinion that he could produce a book which would command success. Before, however, our letter was despatched, there came a letter from 'Currer Bell' containing a postage-stamp for our reply, it having been hinted to the writer by 'an experienced friend' that publishers often refrained from answering communications unless a postage-stamp was furnished for the purpose! Charlotte Brontë herself has described the effect our letter had on her:

As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing house more. Ere long, in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate, there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary anticipation of finding two hard hopeless lines, intimating that 'Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. were not disposed to publish the MS.,' and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

The writer of this letter was, as I have said, Mr. W. Smith Williams, and his name appears so frequently in all accounts of the Brontë family that a brief mention of his relations with Smith, Elder, & Co. may be interesting.

When I first came into control of the business I felt the necessity of getting efficient assistance in the publishing department. A happy accident gave me the man I sought. The accounts of the firm had fallen into some confusion in consequence of my father's illness. Mr. Elder, who, on my father's breakdown, had taken charge of them, was but a poor accountant. Among the first tasks to which I devoted myself was that of bringing the accounts into order. An account with the lithographers who

had printed the illustrations for Darwin's 'Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*,' and for other books of smaller magnitude, was in an almost hopeless state of confusion. It had not been balanced for years, sums having being paid 'on account' from time to time.

I went to see the bookkeeper of the firm of lithographers—Mr. W. Smith Williams—taking with me a bundle of accounts with a view to getting them arranged in proper form. Mr. Williams's gifts as a bookkeeper I soon found were of a most primitive character. I asked him how he had struck his numerous balances, remarking that we had no corresponding balances in our books. 'Oh!' said Mr. Williams, 'those are the bottoms of the pages in our ledger; I always strike a balance at the bottom of a page to avoid the necessity of carrying over the figures on both sides.' I had a good many interviews with Mr. Williams, and if he was not a good bookkeeper, he was a most agreeable and most intelligent man, a man with literary gifts wasted in uncongenial work. My sympathy was excited by seeing one of so much ability occupied with work which he did ill, and which was distasteful to him; and by noticing the overbearing manner in which he was treated by the junior member of the firm which employed him. Mr. Williams confided to me that, by way of relief from his bookkeeping efforts, he contributed reviews and other articles to the '*Spectator*,' then making its high position under the able editorship of Mr. Rintoul. Mr. Williams used also to write theatrical criticisms for the '*Spectator*,' but found himself hampered a good deal, he said, by the chilly temperament of his editor, Mr. Rintoul, who used to say, in the most impressive manner, 'The "*Spectator*" is *not* enthusiastic, and must not be'!

I fancied I had discovered the man who could help me in my publishing business. I invited Mr. Williams to tea at my lodgings in Regent Street, and after tea I said to him, 'Rightly or wrongly, I do not think you like your present occupation?' 'I *hate* it,' said Mr. Williams with fervour. This reply made clear sailing for me, and before he left my room we had arranged that he should come to Cornhill as my literary assistant, and general manager of the publishing department. It was for both of us a happy arrangement. Mr. Williams remained with me until his advancing years obliged him to retire from active work. He was loyal, diligent, of shrewd literary judgment and pleasant manners, and proved a most valuable assistant; and his relations with me and my family were always of the most cordial description.

In reply to Mr. Williams's letter came a brief note from 'Currer Bell,' expressing grateful appreciation of the attention which had been given to the MS., and saying that the author was on the point of finishing another book, which would be sent to us as soon as completed.

The second MS. was 'Jane Eyre.' Here again 'Currer Bell's' suspicion as to the excessive parsimony of London publishers in regard to postage-stamps found expression in the letter accompanying the MS. She wrote :

I find I cannot prepay the carriage of the parcel, as money for that purpose is not received at the small station where it is left. If, when you acknowledge the receipt of the MS., you would have the goodness to mention the amount charged on delivery, I will immediately transmit it in postage-stamps.

The MS. of 'Jane Eyre' was read by Mr. Williams in due course. He brought it to me on a Saturday, and said that he would like me to read it. There were no Saturday half-holidays in those days, and, as was usual, I did not reach home until late. I had made an appointment with a friend for Sunday morning; I was to meet him about twelve o'clock, at a place some two or three miles from our house, and ride with him into the country.

After breakfast on Sunday morning I took the MS. of 'Jane Eyre' to my little study, and began to read it. The story quickly took me captive. Before twelve o'clock my horse came to the door, but I could not put the book down. I scribbled two or three lines to my friend, saying I was very sorry that circumstances had arisen to prevent my meeting him, sent the note off by my groom, and went on reading the MS. Presently the servant came to tell me that luncheon was ready; I asked him to bring me a sandwich and a glass of wine, and still went on with 'Jane Eyre.' Dinner came; for me the meal was a very hasty one, and before I went to bed that night I had finished reading the manuscript.

The next day we wrote to 'Currer Bell' accepting the book for publication. I need say nothing about the success which the book achieved, and the speculations as to whether it was written by a man or a woman. For my own part I never had much doubt on the subject of the writer's sex; but then I had the advantage over the general public of having the handwriting of the author before me. There were qualities of style, too, and turns of expression, which satisfied me that 'Currer Bell' was a woman, an opinion in which Mr. Williams concurred. We were bound, however, to respect the writer's anonymity, and our letters

continued to be addressed to 'Currer Bell, Esq.' Her sisters were always referred to in the correspondence as 'Messrs. Ellis and Acton Bell.' The works of Ellis and Acton Bell had been published by a Mr. Newby, on terms which rather depleted the scanty purses of the authors. When we were about to publish 'Shirley'—the work which, in the summer of 1848, succeeded 'Jane Eyre'—we endeavoured to make an arrangement with an American publisher to sell him advance sheets of the book, in order to give him an advantage in regard to time over other American publishers. There was, of course, no copyright with America in those days. We were met during the negotiations with our American correspondents by the statement that Mr. Newby had informed them that he was about to publish the next book by the author of 'Jane Eyre,' under her other *nom de plume* of Acton Bell—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell being in fact, according to him, one person. We wrote to 'Currer Bell' to say that we should be glad to be in a position to contradict the statement, adding at the same time we were quite sure Mr. Newby's assertion was untrue. Charlotte Brontë has related how the letter affected her. She was persuaded that her honour was impugned. 'With rapid decision,' says Mrs. Gaskell in her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 'Charlotte and her sister Anne resolved that they should start for London that very day in order to prove their separate identity to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.'

With what haste and energy the sisters plunged into what was, for them, a serious expedition, how they reached London at eight o'clock on a Saturday morning, took lodgings in the 'Chapter' coffee-house in Paternoster Row, and, after an agitated breakfast, set out on a pilgrimage to my office in Cornhill, is told at length in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.'

That particular Saturday morning I was at work in my room, when a clerk reported that two ladies wished to see me. I was very busy and sent out to ask their names. The clerk returned to say that the ladies declined to give their names, but wished to see me on a private matter. After a moment's hesitation I told him to show them in. I was in the midst of my correspondence, and my thoughts were far away from 'Currer Bell' and 'Jane Eyre.' Two rather quaintly dressed little ladies, pale-faced and anxious-looking, walked into my room; one of them came forward and presented me with a letter addressed, in my own handwriting, to 'Currer Bell, Esq.' I noticed that the letter

had been opened, and said, with some sharpness, 'Where did you get this from?' 'From the post-office,' was the reply; 'it was addressed to me. We have both come that you might have ocular proof that there are at least two of us.' This then was 'Currer Bell' in person. I need hardly say that I was at once keenly interested, not to say excited. Mr. Williams was called down and introduced, and I began to plan all sorts of attentions to our visitors. I tried to persuade them to come and stay at our house. This they positively declined to do, but they agreed that I should call with my sister and take them to the Opera in the evening. She has herself given an account of her own and her sister Anne's sensations on that occasion: how they dressed for the Opera in their plain, high-necked dresses:

Fine ladies and gentlemen glanced at us, as we stood by the box-door, which was not yet opened, with a slight graceful superciliousness, quite warranted by the circumstances. Still I felt pleurably excited in spite of headache, sickness, and conscious clownishness; and I saw Anne was calm and gentle, which she always is. The performance was Rossini's *Barber of Seville*—very brilliant, though I fancy there are things I should like better. We got home after one o'clock. We had never been in bed the night before; had been in constant excitement for twenty-four hours; you may imagine we were tired.

My mother called upon them the next day. The sisters, after barely three days in London, returned to Haworth. In what condition of mind and body those few days left them is graphically told by Charlotte Brontë herself:

On Tuesday morning we left London, laden with books Mr. Smith had given us, and got safely home. A more jaded wretch than I looked, it would be difficult to conceive. I was thin when I went, but I was meagre indeed when I returned, my face looking grey and very old, with strange deep lines ploughed in it—my eyes stared unnaturally. I was weak and yet restless.

This is the only occasion on which I saw Anne Brontë. She was a gentle, quiet, rather subdued person, by no means pretty, yet of a pleasing appearance. Her manner was curiously expressive of a wish for protection and encouragement, a kind of constant appeal which invited sympathy.

I must confess that my first impression of Charlotte Brontë's personal appearance was that it was interesting rather than attractive. She was very small, and had a quaint old-fashioned look. Her head seemed too large for her body. She had fine eyes, but her face was marred by the shape of the mouth and by the complexion. There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may

seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe that she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was *not* pretty.

Charlotte Brontë stayed with us several times. The utmost was, of course, done to entertain and please her. We arranged for dinner-parties, at which artistic and literary notabilities, whom she wished to meet, were present. We took her to places which we thought would interest her—the ‘Times’ office, the General Post Office, the Bank of England, Newgate, Bedlam. At Newgate she rapidly fixed her attention on an individual prisoner. There was a poor girl with an interesting face, and an expression of the deepest misery. She had, I believe, killed her illegitimate child. Miss Brontë walked up to her, took her hand, and began to talk to her. She was, of course, quickly interrupted by the prison warder with the formula, ‘Visitors are not allowed to speak to the prisoners.’ Sir David Brewster took her round the Great Exhibition, and made the visit a very interesting one to her. One thing which impressed her very much was the lighter rooms of the newspaper offices in Fleet Street and the Strand, as we drove home in the middle of the night from some City expedition.

On one occasion I took Miss Brontë to the Ladies’ Gallery of the House of Commons. The Ladies’ Gallery of those days was behind the Strangers’ Gallery, and from it one could see the eyes of the ladies above, nothing more. I told Miss Brontë that if she felt tired and wished to go away, she had only to look at me—I should know by the expression of her eyes what she meant—and that I would come round for her. After a time I looked and looked. There were many eyes, they all seemed to be flashing signals to me, but much as I admired Miss Brontë’s eyes I could not distinguish them from the others. I looked so earnestly from one pair of eyes to another that I am afraid that more than one lady must have regarded me as a rather impudent fellow. At length I went round and took my lady away. I expressed my hope that I did not keep her long waiting, and said something about the difficulty of getting out after I saw her signal. ‘I made no signal,’ she said. ‘I did not wish to come away. Perhaps there were other signals from the Gallery.’

Miss Brontë and her father had a passionate admiration for the Duke of Wellington, and I took her to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which he generally attended on Sunday, in order that she might see him. We followed him out of the Chapel, and I indulged Miss Brontë by so arranging our walk that she met him twice on his way to Apsley House. I also took her to a Friends' meeting-house in St. Martin's Court, Leicester Square. I am afraid this form of worship afforded her more amusement than edification.

We went together to a Dr. Browne, a phrenologist who was then in vogue, using the names of Mr. and Miss Fraser. Here is Dr. Browne's estimate of the talents and disposition of Miss Brontë :

A PHRENOLOGICAL ESTIMATE OF THE TALENTS AND DISPOSITIONS OF A LADY.

Temperament for the most part nervous. Brain large, the anterior and superior parts remarkably salient. In her domestic relations this lady will be warm and affectionate. In the care of children she will evince judicious kindness; but she is not pleased at seeing them spoiled by over-indulgence. Her fondness for any particular locality would chiefly rest upon the associations connected with it. Her attachments are strong and enduring—indeed, this is a leading element of her character; she is rather circumspect, however, in the choice of her friends, and it is well that she is so, for she will seldom meet with persons whose dispositions approach the standard of excellence with which she can entirely sympathise. Her sense of truth and justice would be offended by any dereliction of duty, and she would in such cases express her disapprobation with warmth and energy; she would not, however, be precipitate in acting thus, and rather than live in a state of hostility with those she could wish to love she would depart from them, although the breaking-off of friendship would be to her a source of great unhappiness. The careless and unreflecting, whom she would labour to amend, might deem her punctilious and perhaps exacting: not considering that their amendment and not her own gratification prompted her to admonish. She is sensitive and is very anxious to succeed in her undertakings, but is not so sanguine as to the probability of success. She is occasionally inclined to take a gloomier view of things than perhaps the facts of the case justify; she should guard against the effect of this where her affection is engaged, for her sense of her own importance is moderate and not strong enough to steel her heart against disappointment; she has more firmness than self-reliance, and her sense of justice is of a very high order. She is deferential to the aged and those she deems worthy of respect, and possesses much devotional feeling, but dislikes fanaticism and is not given to a belief in supernatural things without questioning the probability of their existence.

Money is not her idol, she values it merely for its uses; she would be liberal to the poor and compassionate to the afflicted, and when friendship calls for aid she would struggle even against her own interest to impart the required assistance—indeed, sympathy is a marked characteristic of this organisation.

Is fond of symmetry and proportion, and possesses a good perception of form, and is a good judge of colour. She is endowed with a keen perception of melody

and rhythm. Her imitative powers are good, and the faculty which gives manual dexterity is well developed. These powers might have been cultivated with advantage. Is a fair calculator, and her sense of order and arrangement is remarkably good. Whatever this lady has to settle or arrange will be done with precision and taste.

She is endowed with an exalted sense of the beautiful and ideal, and longs for perfection. If not a poet her sentiments are poetical, or are at least imbued with that enthusiastic glow which is characteristic of poetical feeling. She is fond of dramatic literature and the drama, especially if it be combined with music.

In its intellectual development this head is very remarkable. The forehead is at once very large and well formed. It bears the stamp of deep thoughtfulness and comprehensive understanding. It is highly philosophical. It exhibits the presence of an intellect at once perspicacious and perspicuous. There is much critical sagacity and fertility in devising resources in situations of difficulty, much originality, with a tendency to speculate and generalise. Possibly this speculative bias may sometimes interfere with the practical efficiency of some of her projects. Yet since she has scarcely an adequate share of self-reliance, and is not sanguine as to the success of her plans, there is reason to suppose that she would attend more closely to particulars, and thereby present the unsatisfactory results of hasty generalisation. This lady possesses a fine organ of language, and can, if she has done her talents justice by exercise, express her sentiments with clearness, precision, and force—sufficiently eloquent but not verbose. In learning a language she would investigate its spirit and structure. The character of the German language would be well adapted to such an organisation. In analysing the motives of human conduct, this lady would display originality and power, but in her mode of investigating mental science she would naturally be imbued with a metaphysical bias; she would perhaps be sceptical as to the truth of Gale's doctrine. But the study of this doctrine, this new system of mental philosophy, would give additional strength to her excellent understanding by rendering it more practical, more attentive to particulars, and contribute to her happiness by imparting to her more correct notions of the dispositions of those whose acquaintance she may wish to cultivate.

T. P. BROWNE, M.D.

367 Strand, June 29, 1851.

Dr. Browne could not have had any idea whose head he was examining. A few days afterwards Mr. Richard Doyle, whom I used to see frequently, mentioned that a friend of his had examined the head of a lady, and was so much struck by the imaginative power she possessed that he should like to find out something about her. 'If he succeeds,' said Richard Doyle, 'I will tell you who she is; for, if Dr. Browne is right, the lady ought to be worth your looking after.' The estimate of my own head was not so happy. From the frequent reference to it and to Mr. Fraser in Miss Brontë's letters to me I must have sent it to her, and I cannot find that I have kept a copy.

Her letters show that she enjoyed the recollection of these visits, and the society at our house; but my mother and sisters

found her a somewhat difficult guest, and I am afraid she was never perfectly at her ease with them. Strangers used to say that they were afraid of her. She was very quiet and self-absorbed, and gave the impression that she was always engaged in observing and analysing the people she met. She was sometimes tempted to confide her analysis to the victim. Here is an extract from a letter which she wrote to myself :

I will tell you a thing to be noted often in your letters and almost always in your conversation, a psychological thing, and not a matter pertaining to style or intellect—I mean an undercurrent of quiet raillery, an inaudible laugh to yourself, a not unkindly, but somewhat subtle playing on your correspondent or companion for the time being—in short a sly touch of a Mephistopheles with the fiend extracted. In the present instance this speciality is perceptible only in the slightest degree, but it *is* there, and more or less you have it always. I by no means mention this as a *fault*. I merely tell you you have it, and I can make the accusation with comfortable impunity, guessing pretty surely that you are too busy just now to deny this or any other charge.

For my own part, I found her conversation most interesting; her quick and clear intelligence was delightful. When she became excited on any subject she was really eloquent, and it was a pleasure to listen to her.

On an occasion when I took her to dine with Mr. Thackeray the excitement with which Charlotte Brontë's visit was expected is portrayed by Miss Thackeray, who was then a mere child :

I can still see the scene quite plainly!—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us: our governess, my sister, and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then after a moment's delay the door opens wide, and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious, little lady, pale, with fair straight hair, and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement.

Charlotte Brontë's intense interest in Thackeray, to whom she had dedicated the second edition of 'Jane Eyre,' is graphically described by Miss Thackeray :

She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest, lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

Thackeray himself has drawn a touching picture of Charlotte Brontë as he first saw her :

'I saw her first,' he says, 'just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterise the woman.'

New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own ; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance and affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favourites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal.

How Charlotte Brontë could 'chill' a party is humorously described by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in her account of an evening reception given by her father in Charlotte Brontë's honour :

Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. . . The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all.

At a later stage in the evening Miss Thackeray tells us how

I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back.

But he was not ! He had given up his own party in despair, and betaken himself to the consolations of a cigar at his club ! The gloom, the constraint, the general situation had overwhelmed him.

'The ladies,' says Miss Thackeray, 'waited, wondered, and finally departed also. As we were going up to bed with our candles after everybody was gone I remember two pretty Miss L.—'s in shiny silk dresses arriving, full of expectation. We still said we thought our father would soon be back ; but the Miss L.—'s declined to wait upon the chance, laughed, and drove away.'

Mrs. Procter was accustomed to tell the story of that evening with much humour. It was, she always declared, 'one of the dullest evenings' she ever spent in her life,' though she extracted much entertainment from it years afterwards. The failure of this attempt by Thackeray to entertain Charlotte Brontë illustrates one aspect of the character of both of them : in Charlotte Brontë her want of social gifts ; in Thackeray his impatience of social discomfort.

Mrs. Brookfield, who was perfectly at home in any society, said that Charlotte Brontë was the most difficult woman to talk to she had ever met. That evening at Thackeray's house she tried hard to enter into conversation with her. Mrs. Brookfield used to relate with some humour what she called

'my conversation with Charlotte Brontë.' She said, 'I opened it by saying I hoped she liked London; to which Charlotte Brontë replied curtly, "I do and I don't."' Naturally Mrs. Brookfield's audience used to wait for more, but, said Mrs. Brookfield, 'that is all.'

If Miss Brontë did not talk much, as was usual with her, she kept her eyes open. One of Mr. Thackeray's guests was Miss Adelaide Procter, and those who remember that lady's charming personality will not be surprised to learn that I was greatly attracted by her. During our drive home I was seated opposite to Miss Brontë, and I was startled by her leaning forward, putting her hands on my knees, and saying 'She would make you a very nice wife.' 'Whom do you mean?' I replied. 'Oh! you know whom I mean,' she said; and we relapsed into silence. Though I admired Miss Procter very much, it was not a case of love at first sight, as Miss Brontë supposed.

When I first asked Thackeray to dine to meet Charlotte Brontë, he offended her by failing to respect the anonymity behind which, at that time, she was very anxious to screen herself. On another occasion Thackeray roused the hidden fire in Charlotte Brontë's soul, and was badly scorched himself as the result. My mother and I had taken her to one of Thackeray's lectures on 'The English Humourists.' After the lecture Thackeray came down from the platform and shook hands with many of the audience, receiving their congratulations and compliments. He was in high spirits, and rather thoughtlessly said to his mother—Mrs. Carmichael Smyth—'Mother, you must allow me to introduce you to Jane Eyre.' This was uttered in a loud voice, audible over half the room. Everybody near turned round and stared at the disconcerted little lady, who grew confused and angry when she realised that every eye was fixed upon her. My mother got her away as quickly as possible.

On the next afternoon Thackeray called. I arrived at home shortly afterwards, and when I entered the drawing-room found a scene in full progress. Only these two were in the room. Thackeray was standing on the hearthrug, looking anything but happy. Charlotte Brontë stood close to him, with head thrown back and face white with anger. The first words I heard were, 'No, Sir! If *you* had come to our part of the country in Yorkshire, what would you have thought of me if I had introduced you to my father, before a mixed company of strangers, as "Mr.

Warrington"? Thackeray replied, 'No, you mean "Arthur Pendennis."' 'No, I *don't* mean Arthur Pendennis!' retorted Miss Brontë; 'I mean Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Warrington would not have behaved as you behaved to me yesterday.' The spectacle of this little woman, hardly reaching to Thackeray's elbow, but, somehow, looking stronger and fiercer than himself, and casting her incisive words at his head, resembled the dropping of shells into a fortress.

By this time I had recovered my presence of mind, and hastened to interpose. Thackeray made the necessary and half-humorous apologies, and the parting was a friendly one.

Thackeray shocked Charlotte Brontë sadly by the fashion of his talk on literary subjects. The truth is, Charlotte Brontë's heroics roused Thackeray's antagonism. He declined to pose on a pedestal for her admiration, and with characteristic contrariety of nature he seemed to be tempted to say the very things that set Charlotte Brontë's teeth, so to speak, on edge, and affronted all her ideals. He insisted on discussing his books very much as a clerk in a bank would discuss the ledgers he had to keep for a salary. But all this was, on Thackeray's part, an affectation; an affectation into which he was provoked by what he considered Charlotte Brontë's high falutin'. Miss Brontë wanted to persuade him that he was a great man with a 'mission;' and Thackeray, with many wicked jests, declined to recognise the 'mission.'

But, despite all this, Charlotte Brontë, much as she scolded Thackeray, never doubted his greatness. He was, she once said, 'a Titan in mind.'

Before Thackeray went to America in the autumn of 1852 I had a portrait of him made by Mr. Samuel Laurence as a present to his daughters. My mother took Charlotte Brontë to see it at the artist's studio. It was a very fine and expressive rendering of Thackeray's powerful head. Charlotte Brontë stood looking long upon it in silence; and then, as if quoting the words unconsciously, she said: 'There came up a lion out of Judah.'

After Charlotte Brontë's first visit to our house her anonymity was dropped, and people naturally tried to draw her out. She shrank from this, or resented it, and seemed to place herself under my mother's care for protection. My mother accepted the position, and was generally equal to it, but sometimes, when accident left Charlotte Brontë exposed to a direct attack, the fire concealed beneath her mildness broke out. The first time this

happened I was not a little surprised. G. H. Lewes, who was lunching with us, had the indiscretion to say across the table, 'There ought to be a bond of sympathy between us, Miss Brontë; for we have both written naughty books!' This fired the train with a vengeance, and an explosion followed. I listened with mingled admiration and alarm to the indignant eloquence with which that impertinent remark was answered.

By way of parenthesis, I may say that 'Jane Eyre' was really considered in those days by many people to be an immoral book. My mother told me one evening that Lady Herschel, having found the book in her drawing-room, said: 'Do you leave such a book as *this* about, at the risk of your daughters reading it?' Charlotte Brontë herself was quite unconscious that the book possessed, in any degree, a reputation of this sort; and she was as much surprised as affronted when Lady Eastlake—then Miss Rigby—in her review of 'Jane Eyre' in the 'Quarterly Review' (December 1848) brutally said that 'if it were written by a woman, it must be by one who had forfeited the right to the society of her sex.'

Charlotte Brontë had much nobility of character; she had an almost exaggerated sense of duty; she was scrupulously honest and perfectly just. When Sir James Stephen, the father of the late Mr. Justice Stephen, said to me during a long conversation I had with him at Cambridge on a very delicate subject, 'I have lived a long and not unobservant life, and I have never yet met with a perfectly just woman,' I could not help thinking that he had never met Charlotte Brontë. Miss Brontë was critical of character, but not of action; this she judged favourably and kindly. Generally, I thought, she put too kind an interpretation on the actions of a friend.

As I have mentioned, my mother and sisters complained that Charlotte Brontë always seemed to them to be noting and analysing everything that was said and everything that happened. That they were more or less right can hardly be doubted, and the following extract from a letter, written after her first visit to London to a friend in New Zealand, and sent by her to Mrs. Gaskell—who gave it to me—is a salient instance of Charlotte Brontë's habit in this respect:

Mr. Smith's residence at Bayswater, six miles from Cornhill, is a very fine place. The rooms, the drawing-rooms especially, looked splendid to us. There was no company, only his mother, his two grown-up sisters, and his brother, a lad of

twelve or thirteen, and a little sister, the youngest of the family, very like himself. They are all dark-eyed, dark-haired, and have clear pale faces. The mother is a portly handsome woman of her age, and all the children were more or less well-looking, one of the daughters decidedly pretty. We had a fine dinner, which neither Anne nor I had appetite to eat, and were glad when it was over. I always feel under an awkward constraint at table; dining out would be hideous to me. Mr. Smith made himself very pleasant. He is a firm, intelligent man of business, though so young; bent on getting on, and I think desirous to make his way by fair honourable means. He is enterprising, but likewise cool and cautious. Mr. Smith is a practical man: I wish Mr. Williams were more so, but he is altogether of the contemplative theorising order. Mr. Williams has too many abstractions.

The 'fine place' in Bayswater was a house in Westbourne Place, now a street of shops. The house in which we lived is occupied by a hairdresser, and you may purchase cosmetics and hairpins in what used to be the dining-room, and have your hair cut, curled, singed, and shampooed in the little room in which I read the manuscript of 'Jane Eyre.'

'Villette' is full of scenes which one can trace to incidents which occurred during Miss Brontë's visits to us.

The scene at the theatre at Brussels in that book, and the description of the actress, were suggested by Rachel, whom we took her to see more than once. The scene of the fire comes from a slight accident to the scenery at Devonshire House, where Charles Dickens, Mr. Forster, and other men of letters gave a performance. I took Charlotte Brontë and one of my sisters to Devonshire House, and when the performance, which was for a charity, was repeated, I took another of my sisters, who had been too unwell to go on the first occasion, and a Miss D. At one stage of the second performance the scenery caught fire. There was some risk of a general panic, and I took my sister and Miss D. each by the wrist, and held them down till the panic had ceased. I seem to have written a description of the occurrence to Miss Brontë, for I find that she refers to it in one of her letters, saying, 'It is easy to realise the scene.'

In 'Villette' my mother was the original of 'Mrs. Bretton;' several of her expressions are given *verbatim*. I myself, as I discovered, stood for 'Dr. John.' Charlotte Brontë admitted this to Mrs. Gaskell, to whom she wrote: 'I was kept waiting longer than usual for Mr. Smith's opinion of the book, and I was rather uneasy, for I was afraid he had found me out, and was offended.'

During Miss Brontë's visit to us in June 1850, I persuaded

her to sit to Mr. George Richmond for her portrait. This I sent afterwards with an engraving of the portrait of the Duke of Wellington to her father, who was much pleased with them.

Mr. Richmond mentioned that when she saw the portrait (she was not allowed to see it before it was finished) she burst into tears, exclaiming that it was so like her sister Anne, who had died the year before.

At the conclusion of this visit I had to take a young brother to Scotland. I was accompanied by my sister, and with some difficulty I induced Miss Brontë to meet us in Edinburgh. I think the visit was very agreeable and interesting to her. We were fortunate in getting a driver, whom we engaged for the whole of our visit, who knew every interesting nook and corner in Edinburgh, who was better read in Scottish history and the Waverley Novels than I was, and whose dry humour exactly suited Miss Brontë. We left her in Yorkshire on our way back to London.

Towards the end of 1853 I was engaged to be married, and wrote to inform Miss Brontë of the fact. Her reply was brief, but she afterwards wrote more at length on the subject, when informing me of her engagement to Mr. Nicholls:

I thank you for your congratulations and good wishes; if these last are realised but in part I shall be very thankful. It gave me also sincere pleasure to be assured of your happiness, though of that I never doubted. I have faith also in its permanent character—provided Mrs. George Smith is—what it pleases me to fancy her to be. You never told me any particulars about her, though I should have liked them much, but did not like to ask questions, knowing how much your mind and time would be engaged. What I have to say is soon told.

The step in contemplation is no hasty one; on the gentleman's side, at least, it has been meditated for many years, and I hope that, in at last acceding to it, I am acting right; it is what I earnestly wish to do. My future husband is a clergyman. He was for eight years my father's curate. He left because the idea of this marriage was not entertained as he wished. His departure was regarded by the parish as a calamity, for he had devoted himself to his duties with no ordinary diligence. Various circumstances have led my father to consent to his return, nor can I deny that my own feelings have been much impressed and changed by the nature and strength of the qualities brought out in the course of his long attachment. I fear I must accuse myself of having formerly done him less than justice. However, he is to come back now. He has foregone many chances of preferment to return to the obscure village of Haworth. I believe I do right in marrying him. I mean to try to make him a good wife. There has been heavy anxiety—but I begin to hope all will end for the best. My expectations however are very subdued—very different, I dare say, to what *yours* were before you were married. Care and Fear stand so close to Hope, I sometimes scarcely even see her for the shadows they cast. And yet I am thankful too, and the doubtful Future must be left with Providence.

On one feature in the marriage I can dwell with *unmingled* satisfaction, with a *certainly* of being right. It takes nothing from the attention I owe to my father. I am not to leave him; my future husband consents to come here—thus papa secures by the step a devoted and reliable assistant in his old age.

There can, of course, be no reason for withholding the intelligence from your mother and sisters; remember me kindly to them whenever you write.

I hardly know in what form of greeting to include your wife's name, as I have never seen her. Say to her whatever may seem to you most appropriate and most expressive of goodwill.

Yours sincerely,  
C. BRONTË.

Miss Brontë and my wife never met. She was married to the Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls on June 29, 1854, and died on March 31, 1855.

## COLONIAL SERVANTS.

BY LADY BROOME.

My very first experience of the eccentricities of colonial servants dates more than half a century ago, and the scene was laid in Jamaica, where my father then held the office of 'Island Secretary' and Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, was Governor. It was Christmas day, and I had been promised as a great treat that my little sister and I should sit up to late dinner. But the morning began with an alarm, for just at breakfast time an orderly from one of the West Indian regiments, then stationed in Spanish Town, had brought a letter to my father which had been sent upstairs to him. I was curled up in a deep window-seat in the shady breakfast room, enjoying a brand-new story-book and the first puffs of the daily sea breeze, when I heard a guttural voice close to my ear whispering 'Kiss missy, kiss.' There stood what seemed a real black giant compared with my childish stature, clad in gorgeous Turkish-looking uniform with a big white turban and a most benignant expression of face, holding his hand out palm upwards.

I gazed at this apparition—for I had only just arrived in Jamaica—with paralysed terror, while the smiling ogre came a step nearer and repeated his formula in still more persuasive tones. Just at this moment, however, my father appeared and said, 'Oh yes, all right; he wants you to give him a Christmas-box. Here is something for him.' It required even then a certain amount of faith as well as courage to put the silver dollar into the outstretched palm, but the man's joy and gratitude showed the interpretation had been quite right. I did not dare to say what my alarm had conjured up as the meaning of his request, for fear of being laughed at.

As well as I remember, at that Christmas dinner party—and it was a large one—the food was distinctly eccentric, edibles usually boiled appearing as roasts and *vice versa*. The service also was of a jerky and spasmodic character, and the authorities wore an air of anxiety, which, however, only added to the deep

interest I took in the situation. But things came to a climax when the plum-pudding, which was to have been the great feature of the entertainment, did not appear at its proper time and place, and a tragic whisper from the butler suggested complications in the background. My father said laughingly, 'I am sorry to say the cook is drunk and will not part with the plum-pudding,' so we went on with the dinner without it. But just as the dessert was being put on the table there was a sound as of ineffectual scrimmaging outside, and the cook—a huge man clad in spotless white—rushed in bearing triumphantly a large dish, which he banged down in front of my father, saying, 'Dere, my good massa, dere your pudding,' and immediately flung himself into the butler's arms with a burst of weeping. I shall always see that pudding as long as I live. It was about the size of an orange and as black as coal. Every attempt to cut it resulted in its bounding off the dish, for it was as hard as a stone. Though not exactly an object of mirth in itself, it certainly was 'a cause that mirth was in others,' and so achieved a success which might have been denied to a better pudding.

Many years passed before I again came across black servants, and the next time was in India. I was not there long enough, nor did I lead a sufficiently settled life, to be able to judge of the Indian servant of that day. Half my stay in Bengal was spent under canvas, and certainly the way in which the servants arranged for one's comfort under those conditions was marvellous. The camp was a very large one, for we were making a sort of military promenade from Lucknow up to Lahore—my husband being the Commanding Officer of Royal Artillery in Bengal—but I only went as far as the foot of the Hills and then up to Simla. It was amazing the way in which nothing was ever forgotten or left behind during four months' continuous camp life. All my possessions had to be divided, and, where necessary, duplicated, for what one used on Monday would not be get-at-able until Wednesday, and so on all through the week. No matter how interesting my book was, I could not go on with it for thirty-six hours—*i.e.* from, say, Monday night till breakfast time on Wednesday morning. I could have a new volume for Tuesday, but the interest of that had also to remain in abeyance until Thursday. Still, I would find the book precisely where I laid it down, and if I had put a mark, even a flower, it would be found exactly in the right place.

I always wondered when and how the servants rested, for they seemed to me to be packing and starting all night long, and yet when the new camping-ground was reached the head servants would always be there in snowy garments, as fresh and trim as if they came out of a box. There were two sets of under-servants, but the head ones never seemed to be off duty.

We started with the first streak of daylight, and there was no choice about the matter, for if you did not get up when the first bugle blew your plight would be a sorry one when the canvas walls of the large double tent fell flat at the sound of the second bugle, half an hour later. The roof of the tent was left a few moments longer, so one had time for hot fragrant coffee and bread and butter before starting either on horse or elephant back. I generally rode on a pad on the *hathi's* back for the first few miles while it was still dark, and mounted my little Arab some six or eight miles further on. The marches were as near twenty-five miles daily as could be arranged to suit the Commander-in-Chief's convenience as to inspections, &c.

Everything was fresh and amusing, but I think I most delighted in seeing the modes of progression adopted by the various cooks. The head cook generally requisitioned a sort of gig, in which he sat in state and dignity, with many bundles heaped around him. Part of his cavalcade consisted of two or three very small ponies laden with paniers, on top of which invariably stood a chicken or two, apparently without any fastenings, who balanced themselves in a precarious manner according to the pony's gait. No one seemed to walk except those who led the animals, and as the camp numbered some 5,000 soldiers and quite as many camp followers the supply train appeared endless.

Just as we neared the foot of the Himalayan range, where the camp was to divide, some of us going up to Simla, leaving a greatly lessened force to proceed to Lahore, smallpox appeared among our servants. I wonder it did not spread much more, but it was vigorously dealt with at the outset. I had as narrow an escape as any one, for one morning, while I was drinking my early coffee and standing quite ready to start on our daily march, one of the servants, a very clever useful Madras 'boy' whom I had missed from his duties for several days, suddenly appeared and cast himself at my feet, clutching my riding-habit and begging for some tea. He was quite unrecognisable, so swollen

and disfigured was his poor face, and I had no idea what was the matter with him. He was delirious and apparently half mad with thirst. The doctor had to be fetched to induce him to let me go, and as more than once the poor lad had seized my hands and kissed them in gratitude for the tea I at once gave him I suppose I really ran some risks, for it turned out to be a very bad case of confluent smallpox. However, all the same, he had to be carried along with us in a dhooly until we reached a station where he could be put into a hospital.

But certainly the strangest phase of colonial domestics within my experience were the New Zealand maid-servants of some thirty-five years ago. Perhaps by this time they are 'home-made,' and consequently less eccentric; but in my day they were all immigrants, and seemed drawn almost entirely from the ranks of factory girls. They were respectable girls apparently, but with very free and easy manners. However, that did not matter. What seriously inconvenienced me at the far up-country station where my husband and I had made ourselves a very pretty and comfortable home was the absolute and profound ignorance of these damsels. They took any sort of place which they fancied, at enormous wages, and when they had at great cost and trouble been fetched up to their new home I invariably discovered that the cook, who demanded and received the wages of a *chef*, knew nothing whatever of any sort of cooking, and the housemaid had never seen a broom. They did not know how to thread a needle or wash a pocket-handkerchief, and, as I thought, must have been waited on all their lives. Indeed, one of my great difficulties was to get them away from the rapt admiration with which they regarded the most ordinary helps to labour. One day I heard peals of laughter from the wash-house, and found the fun consisted in the magical way in which the little cottage-mangle smoothed the aprons of the last couple of damsels. So I—who was extremely ignorant myself, and had no idea how the very beginnings of things should be taught—had to impart my slender store of knowledge as best I could. The little establishment would have collapsed entirely had it not been for my Scotch shepherd's wife, a dear woman with the manners of a lady and the knowledge of a thorough practical housewife. What broke our hearts was that we had to begin this elementary course of instruction over and over again, as my damsels could not endure the monotony of their country life longer than three or four months, in spite of the many

suitors who came a-wooing with strictly honourable intentions. But the young ladies had no idea of giving up their liberty, and turned a deaf ear to all matrimonial suggestions, even when one athletic suitor put another into the water barrel to get him out of the way, and urged that this step must be taken as a proof of his devotion.

After the New Zealand experiences came a period of English life, and I felt much more experienced in domestic matters by the time my wandering star led me forth once more and landed me in Natal. In spite, however, of this experience, I fell into the mistake of taking out three English servants, whom I had to get rid of as soon as possible after my arrival. They had all been with me some time in England, and I thought I knew them perfectly; but the voyage evidently 'wrought a sea change' on them, for they were quite different people by the time Durban was reached. Two developed tempers for which the little Maritzburg house was much too small, and when it came to carving-knives hurtling through the air I felt it was more than my nerves could stand. The third only broke out in folly, and showed an amount of personal vanity which seemed almost to border on insanity. However, I gradually replaced them with Zulu servants, in whom I was really very fortunate. They learned so easily, and were so good-tempered and docile, their only serious fault being the ineradicable tendency to return for a while—after a very few 'moons' of service—to their kraals. At first I thought it was family affection which impelled this constant homing, but it was really the desire to get back to the savage life, with its gorges of half-raw meat and native beer, and its freedom from clothes. It is true I had an occasional very bad quarter of an hour with some of my experiments, as, for instance, when I found an embryo valet blacking his master's socks as well as his boots, or detected the nurse-boy who was trusted to wheel the perambulator about the garden stuffing a half-fledged little bird into the baby's mouth, assuring me it was a diet calculated to make 'the little chieftain brave and strong.'

I think, however, quite the most curious instance of the thinness of surface civilisation among these people came to me in the case of a young Zulu girl who had been early left an orphan and had been carefully trained in a clergyman's family. She was about sixteen years old when she came as my nursemaid, and was very plump and comely, with a beaming countenance,

and the sweetest voice and prettiest manners possible. She had a great love of music, and performed harmoniously enough on an accordion as well as on several queer little pipes and reeds. She could speak, read, and write Dutch perfectly, as well as Zulu, and was nearly as proficient in English. She carried a little Bible always in her pocket, and often tried my gravity by dropping on one knee by my side whenever she caught me sitting down and alone, and beginning to read aloud from it. It was quite a new possession, and she had not got beyond the opening chapters of Genesis, and delighted in the story of 'Dam and Eva,' as she called our first parents. She proved an excellent nurse and thoroughly trustworthy; the children were devoted to her, especially the baby, who learned to speak Zulu before English, and to throw a reed assegai as soon as he could stand firmly on his little fat legs. I brought her to England after she had been about a year with me, and she adapted herself marvellously and unhesitatingly to the conditions of a civilisation far beyond what she had ever dreamed of. After she had got over her surprise at the ship knowing its way across the ocean, she proved a capital sailor. She took to London life and London ways as if she had never known anything else. The only serious mistake she made was once in yielding to the blandishments of a persuasive Italian image-man and promising to buy his whole tray of statues. I found the hall filled with these works of art, and 'Malia' tendering, with sweetest smiles, a few pence in exchange for them. It was a disagreeable job to have to persuade the man to depart in peace with all his images, even with a little money to console him. A friend of mine chanced to be returning to Natal, and proposed that I should spare my Zulu nurse to her. Her husband's magistracy being close to where Maria's tribe dwelt, it seemed a good opportunity for 'Malia' to return to her own country; so of course I let her go, begging my friend to tell me how the girl got on. The parting from the little boys was a heart-breaking scene, nor was Malia at all comforted by the fine clothes all my friends insisted on giving her. Not even a huge Gainsborough hat garnished with giant poppies could console her for leaving her 'little chieftain;' but it was at all events something to send her off so comfortably provided for, and with two large boxes of good clothes.

In the course of a few months I received a letter from my friend, who was then settled in her up-country home, but her

story of Maria's doings seemed wellnigh incredible, though perfectly true.

All had gone well on the voyage and so long as they remained at Durban and Maritzburg; but as soon as the distant settlement was reached, Maria's kinsmen came around her and began to claim some share in her prosperity. Free fights were of constant occurrence, and in one of them Maria, using the skull of an ox as a weapon, broke her sister's leg. Soon after that she returned to the savage life she had not known since her infancy, and took to it with delight. I don't know what became of her clothes, but she had presented herself before my friend clad in an old sack and with necklaces of wild animals' teeth, and proudly announced she had just been married 'with cows'—thus showing how completely her Christianity had fallen away from her, and she had practically returned, on the first opportunity, to the depth of that savagery from which she had been taken before she could even remember it. I soon lost all trace of her, but Maria's story has always remained in my mind as an amazing instance of the strength of race-instinct.

My next colonial home was in Mauritius, and certainly the servants of that day—twenty years ago, alas!—were the best I have ever come across out of England. I am told that this is no longer the case, and that that type of domestic has been improved and educated into half-starved little clerks. The cooks were excellent, so were the butlers. Of course, they had all preserved the Indian custom of 'dustoor' (I am not at all sure of the spelling) or perquisite. In fact, a sort of little duty was levied on every article of consumption in a household.

I never shall forget the agony of mind of one of my butlers at having handed me a wrong statement of the previous day's 'bazaar.' I had really not yet looked at it, but he implored me with such dreadful agitation to let him have it back again to 'correct' that I read it aloud before him, to his utter confusion and abasement. The vendor had first put down the price paid him for each article, and then the 'dustoor' to be added; needless to say, I was to pay the difference, and the tax had been amply allowed for in the price charged. As 'Gyp' would say, Tableau!

Curiously enough, it was the dhoby or washerman class which gave the most or rather the only trouble. They—*i.e.* the washerman and his numerous wives—fought so dreadfully. Once I

received a petition requesting me in most pompous language to give the youngest or 'last-joined' wife a good talking to, for in spite of all corrections—that is, beatings—she declined entirely to iron her share of the clothes, and had the effrontery to say she had not married an ugly old man to have to work hard. The dhoby on his side declared he had only incurred the extra expense and bother of a fourth and much younger wife in order that the 'Grande Madame's' white gowns might be beautifully ironed, fresh every day.

I handed the letter—almost undecipherable on account of its ornate penmanship and flourishes—to the A.D.C. who was good enough to help me with my domestic affairs, and he must have arranged it satisfactorily, for when he left us hurriedly to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on active service, he received a joint letter of adieu from all the dhobies, wishing him every sort of good fortune in the campaign, and expressing a hope that he might soon return with the 'croix de la reine Victoria flottant de sa casaque.' Rather a confusion of ideas, but doubtless well meant.

In spite, however, of the general excellence of Mauritius servants, my very dignified butler at Réduit gave me the most trying experience of my party-giving career. Once upon a time I had an archery meeting at Réduit, and a dance afterwards for the young people. This programme—combining, as it did, afternoon and evening amusements—required a certain amount of organisation as to food. The shooting was to go on as long as the light lasted, and it was thought better to have the usual refreshments in the tents during that time, and then an early and very substantial supper indoors so soon after the dancing began as the guests liked to have it.

There used in those days to be an excellent restaurant in Port Louis which furnished all the ball suppers. The cost was high, but all trouble was saved, and the food provided left nothing to be desired. The manager of the 'Flore Mauricienne' never made a mistake, and only needed to be told how many guests to provide for; everything was then sure to be beautifully arranged. So I had no anxieties on the score of ample supplies of every obtainable dainty being forthcoming. Great, therefore, was my surprise, when, after the first batch of guests had been in to the supper-room, I was informed in a tragic whisper that everything looked

very nice in there, but that there was no second supply of food to replenish the tables. This seemed impossible, and I sent for the butler and demanded to know what had become of the supper. 'Monsieur Jorge' smiled blandly and, waving his hands in despair, ejaculated 'Rien, rien, Madame,' repeatedly. So, although I had not intended to go in to supper myself just then, I hastened to the scene. There were the lovely tables as usual, a mass of flowers and silver, but with empty dishes. I felt as if it must be a bad dream from which I should presently awake, but that did not make it less terrible at the moment. Of course the A.D.C.s were active and energetic, but they could not perform miracles and produce a supper which they had themselves ordered and thought had arrived, but which seemed to have vanished into thin air. Tins of biscuits were found and sandwiches were hastily cut, and every one was most kind and good-natured and full of sympathy for me.

If 'Monsieur Jorge' and his myrmidons had appeared in the least tipsy, the situation would have been less perplexing, but except a profound and impenetrable gravity of demeanour every servant seemed quite right. My guests danced merrily away, and hunger had no effect on their gay humour, but the staff and I (who had had no supper) were plunged in melancholy.

The moment our telegraph clerk came on duty next morning a message was sent to Port Louis (eight miles off) asking the manager of the 'Flore' what had become of his supper, and by the time I came down to breakfast that worthy had appeared on the scene, and, more versed in the ways of Mauritian servants than any of us were, had elicited from Monsieur Jorge that he remembered putting the numerous boxes of supper away carefully, but where, he could not imagine. The night before he had insisted that he had placed all the supper there was on the tables. So a search was instituted, and very soon the melancholy remains of the supper were discovered hidden away in an unused room. All the packing ice had, of course, melted, and jellies, &c., were reduced to liquid. There was about fifty pounds' worth of food quite spoiled and useless, most of it only fit to be thrown away. The manager's wrath really exceeded mine, and he stipulated that not one of the crowd of servants should have a crumb of the remains of that supper, which I heard afterwards had been given to the garden coolies. As a matter of fact, I believe Monsieur Jorge *was* somewhat tipsy, and it took

the form of complete loss of memory. But it was a dreadful experience.

From the *belle île de Maurice* we went to Western Australia, where we arrived in the middle of winter, and the contrast seemed great in every way, especially in the domestic arrangements, for servants were few and far between and of a very elementary stamp of knowledge. I tried to remedy that defect by importing maid-servants, but succeeded only in acquiring some very strange specimens. In those days Western Australia was such an unknown and distant land that the friends at home who kindly tried to help me found great difficulty in inducing any good servant to venture so far, and although the wages offered must have seemed enormous, the good class I wanted could not at first be induced to leave England. Later, things improved considerably and we got very good servants, but the first importations were very disheartening. I used to be so amazed at their love of finery. To see one's housemaid at church absolutely covered with sham diamonds, large rings outside her gloves, huge *solitaire* earrings, and at least a dozen brooches stuck about her, was, to say the least of it, startling; so was the apparition of my head cook, whom I sent for hurriedly once, after dinner, and who appeared in an evening dress of black net and silver. I also recognised the kitchen-maid at a concert in a magnificent pale green satin evening dress, which, taken in conjunction with her scarlet hair, was rather conspicuous. Of one gentle and timid little housemaid, who did not dazzle me with her toilettes, I inquired what she found most strange and unexpected in her new home—which, by the way, she professed to like very much—

‘The lemons, my lady, if you please.’

‘Lemons!’ I said, ‘why?’

‘Well, it’s their growin’ on trees as is so puzzlin’—like, if you please.’

‘Where else did you expect them to grow?’ I inquired.

‘I thought they belonged to the nets. I always seen them in nets in shops, you know; and lemons looks strange without nets.’

My next and last experience of colonial servants was in Trinidad. By this time I had gained so much and such varied experience that there was no excuse for things not working smoothly, and as I was fortunate in possessing an excellent head servant who acted as house-steward I had practically no trouble

at all, beyond a little anxiety at any time of extra pressure about the head cook, who had not only heart disease, but when drunk flew into violent rages. Our doctor had warned the house-steward that this man—who was a half-caste Portuguese from Goa—might drop dead at any moment if he gave way to temper and drink combined. So it was always an anxious time when balls and banquets and luncheons followed each other in quick succession. On these occasions, besides his two permanent assistants, G. was allowed a free hand as to engaging outside help. But he seemed to take that opportunity to bring in his bitterest foes, to judge by the incessant quarrels, all of long standing, which poor Mr. V. (the house-steward) had to arrange. I only did the complimenting, and after each ball, supper, or big dinner sent for the cook and paid him extravagant compliments on his efforts. That was the only way to keep him going, and things went well on the surface; but there were tragic moments to be lived through when the said cook had refreshed himself a little too often, and about midday would declare he had no idea what all these people were doing in his kitchens, and, arming himself with a rolling-pin, would drive them forth with much obloquy. I chanced to be looking out of my dressing-room window one day when he started a raid on the *corps d'armée* of black girls who were busily picking turkeys and fowls for that night's ball supper. I never saw anything so absurd as the way the girls fled into the neighbouring nutmeg-grove, each clasping her half-picked fowls and scattering the feathers out of her apron as she ran with many 'hi, hi's.'

I really began to think it would be necessary to summon the police sentries to protect them, for G. was flinging all sorts of fruit and vegetables at them, and had quite got their range. However, as Mr. V. emerged from his office and began to inquire of the cook if he was anxious to die on the spot, I only looked on. At first there was nothing but rage and fury on the cook's part, to which Mr. V. opposed an imperturbable calm and the emphatic repetition of the doctor's warning. Then came a burst of weeping, caused, G. declared, by his sense of the wickedness of the human race in general and 'dem girls' in particular. After that a deep peace seemed to suddenly descend on the scene, and the cook returned to his large and airy kitchens, still weeping bitterly. Mr. V. vanished, the picking girls re-appeared one by one, and, cautiously looking round to see if it was safe to do so, took up their former

positions under shady trees. Presently I saw other forms stealing back into the kitchens, from which they too had been forcibly ejected ; and then I heard the cook's voice start one of Moody and Sankey's hymns, with apparently fifty verses and a rousing chorus. After that I had no misgivings as to the success of the supper.

We succeeded, as it were, to most of our servants, for they had nearly all been at Government House for some years, and at all events knew their duties. I met one functionary, whose face I did not seem to know, on the staircase one day, and inquired who he was. 'Me second butlare, please,' was the answer. The first 'butlare' was an intensely respectable middle-aged man, of apparently deeply religious convictions, and I always saw him at church every Sunday, and he was a regular and most devout communicant. Judge, then, of my surprise and dismay, when, poor Jacob having died rather suddenly of heart disease, I was assured that four separate and distinct Mrs. Jacobs had appeared, each clad in deepest widow's weeds, and each armed with orthodox 'lines' to claim the small arrears of his monthly pay. But I am afraid that similar inconsistencies between theory and practice are by no means uncommon in those 'Summer Isles of Eden.'

## *THE TRUMPETER'S WIFE.*

*AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.*

At the time when the English, French, and Turkish armies were engaged in laying siege to Sebastopol, in the years 1854 and 1855, the French Government found it necessary to strengthen their army, and ordered more troops, ammunition, and supplies from Toulon. These were to be despatched immediately, and therefore great activity was displayed in getting them sent off without delay; and before long the French army before Sebastopol counted 200,000 men.

Many of the soldiers who were under orders to embark wore long, sad faces, for it meant a cruel separation from wives, children, and all who were dear to them; and how would the wives and children be kept from starving for an indefinite time, for there was no knowing when they would return, even if spared by the cruel hand of Death? Among these was to be noticed a tall, handsome young fellow, who was trumpeter in a cavalry regiment belonging to General B——'s army. He was very wretched, for he had only been married a couple of weeks, and now he must leave his dearly loved young bride, because no women were permitted to go with the army. She was a pretty girl, and being an orphan when she married had a little money of her own, which she had inherited from her parents. Catherine possessed a determined character, so, when bidding her husband good-bye, she told him to keep up his spirits, for they should not be parted very long, for that, by some means or other, she was determined to join him. But he told her that this would be quite impossible, seeing that, by order of the commander-in-chief, women were not to come to the seat of war, so he entreated her not to do anything rash, but wait patiently for his return, if only the good God should permit him to escape from all the horrors of war, perils of the sea, and detestable climate.

'Ah! you don't know of what I am capable,' she exclaimed. 'I shall soon surprise you, and you will see your Catherine arrive in the Crimea. I shall not be long in finding you out after I have landed on Russian soil. You don't believe me, but I will do it, as sure as you are standing before me.'

So they parted, he to go on board his ship along with the troops, whilst she began to devise some mode of proceeding which would ensure the fulfilment of her desires. At first she could think of no plan likely to succeed, but she was not baffled or discouraged; she knew she must not be idle, for it would be advisable to take a few hundred francs with her, and as she did not wish to take more than half of what remained of her little fortune, which would give her 350 francs, she resolved to hire herself out either as a servant or sometimes as an ironer, and by this means got as much work as she could do, living meanwhile very frugally, and by degrees her little heap of silver grew bigger. Then she cautiously made inquiries respecting the destination of some of the ships in the harbour, and soon learnt that one of them was under orders to proceed to the Crimea laden with provisions and blankets for the troops. She at once determined to go in her. One of the sailors having mentioned in her hearing that they would sail at ten o'clock next morning, she hurried off and lost no time in making her preparations for departure, purchasing amongst other things a warm travelling rug, a waterproof cape, and a pair of strong boots. She also laid in a little stock of provisions, and the following morning, laden with her bundles, she stood for some time alongside of the ship, and, having dexterously watched her opportunity, she managed to go on board with a few women, some of whom were taking leave of the sailors, while the others had brought a few articles for sale, such as fruit, eggs, cakes, sweets, small pictures of religious subjects in gilt frames, &c.

Catherine soon contrived unperceived to slip in between and behind some large bales of merchandise with her bundles, for not only was the hold filled as tight as possible with them, but they were piled up in every available corner or space. She lay down with her bundles under her head in a corner, and felt satisfied that she was quite hidden from view, and did not dare to move for fear of detection.

Presently there was a great deal of movement on board; sailors running to and fro, orders shouted, and a little later, to her heartfelt joy, Catherine knew that the vessel was in motion; there was no doubt about it, she was at last on the way to join her husband. She was so happy she could have screamed with joy; but she must not make the slightest noise, or some one might discover her and inform the captain of her presence, who would no doubt order the ship to be stopped and have her carried on shore, or put

on a passing boat, so she took care to keep well behind the bales of merchandise.

She had put some large sandwiches in her pocket and had some wine in a bottle, so she did not starve, and after making a good meal during the afternoon, she slept soundly, and never awoke till early on the following morning, when, hearing no noise, she got up and stretched herself, for she was very cramped from keeping so many hours in one position. Her sleep had greatly refreshed her; however, she judged it prudent to return to her hiding-place, for the day had dawned, so, taking a little more food, she lay down again, taking care to be well surrounded by the large bales.

She remained undiscovered for several hours longer, when, owing to the wind rising and becoming violent, it was evident that a heavy gale was imminent, and it became necessary to prepare for it by making everything in the ship taut and trim. Amongst the rest the bales of merchandise had to be moved and heaped so as to prevent the possibility of their rolling about, and it was then that Catherine was found sound asleep behind them. The exclamations of the officer and sailors startled and awoke her.

'Who is this woman? how did she come here?' said the mate in a shrill voice.

The sailors answered that they did not know her, nor how she came on their ship, and they had never seen her at all.

She immediately got up, and then went down on her knees and asked forgiveness. The mate told her to get up, for he was not the captain, and he despatched one of the men to inform him of what had occurred. He was greatly annoyed on hearing that a woman had been found on his ship, and ordered that she should be brought before him. On her appearing, he asked her what she was doing on his vessel without permission, and what she had to say for herself. She prayed most humbly that he would pardon her, and said that, having learnt that his ship was under orders to proceed at once to the Crimea, and being most anxious to join her husband, who was a trumpeter in a cavalry regiment serving in General B——'s army before Sebastopol, she had made bold to come on board, and had been able to hide herself behind some large bales and elude observation. Again she besought him to have compassion upon her and land her in the Crimea. She told him how hard it had been for her to be parted from her husband just two weeks after their marriage, and she hoped

he would allow her to remain in his ship until it arrived at its destination.

'As I do not wish to commit murder, having no means of landing you here, and cannot spare time to go out of my way to do so, you must proceed with us,' the captain replied. 'You have done a very wrong action in coming on board like this, stealing in like a thief.'

Catherine burst into tears, greatly ashamed and confused.

'There are no women here,' the captain went on, 'therefore I shall give orders for a small cabin to be prepared for you; this you will occupy and not dare to leave it until we arrive. Food and water shall be brought to you every day, and if you put your foot out of the cabin, you may fear the consequences. You are to understand that I mean to be obeyed. On our arrival you will be permitted to land, but you must not leave your cabin until then.'

He turned to the mate and said, 'Take her down to a place of safety now, and return with all hands to see to the effectual security of the ship, for the gale is increasing in violence and promises to be very severe.'

Catherine thanked him and promised that he should have no fault to find with her, and then followed the mate down below.

Very soon a furious gale was raging, and the poor woman thought that her last hour had come. She was terribly frightened until it had abated and both wind and sea had become calm. A few hours later she was conducted to a small cabin, which she never left until informed that, having reached Kamiesch harbour, she must prepare to land. She caught up her bundles and followed the sailor who had come for her, and soon found herself standing on dry land. She asked if she might go and thank the captain, but was told that it was impossible, for he was fully occupied. She stood still, not knowing which way to turn; no one would listen to her, all being far too busy, although some few stared in astonishment, as they went by, at seeing this comely young woman standing, looking so scared.

After a while she summoned courage to ask the driver of a wagon who had stopped near her to tell her in which direction she must go to find the cavalry troop to which her husband belonged. Directly she had named the regiment, he said, his eyes beaming with good nature, 'Come, young woman, you had better get up beside me, for I am going that way and can set

you down within a quarter of a mile of the cavalry tents. We have not far to go, as you will see.'

He held out his hand and helped her to get on to the seat, and she thanked him for his kindness. As soon as he received his last instructions with regard to the cases and packages confided to his care and with which his wagon was fully laden, he brandished his whip, and away they went. When Catherine was set down the kind wagoner told her in a few words how she could reach the troop she wanted.

'I fear, however, that you may have a difficulty in passing the pickets, for the rules are awfully strict, but good luck to you, ma'am. I am glad I have been able to help you so far on your way.' She thanked him for his great kindness, and he had scarcely driven away when she saw three soldiers approaching towards her from another direction. In a few moments, as they came nearer, there was a shout, and one of them rushed towards her in great excitement. 'It is Catherine, my dear wife, boys, or I am dreaming.'

Immediately she found herself locked in the arms of her husband, who, being off duty, was taking a stroll with two of his comrades. This was a surprise for him; the gallant trumpeter never expected that his wife could possibly carry out her desire to come and find him in the Crimea. It was such joy to see her again, his pretty, darling wife; but what was he to do with her, no women being allowed in camp? Indeed, he had not seen one even, until those unfortunate Russian women and children who had been turned out of Sebastopol by order of Prince Gortchakoff had passed through on their way to Russia on foot, in a pitiable condition, some of them scarcely able to walk, while others had to carry their children.

Whilst Catherine was telling her husband how she had contrived to keep her word and follow him to the Crimea, the captain of his troop, accompanied by a lieutenant with whom he was conversing, came that way, and, seeing a woman talking with his men, stopped to inquire who she was and what she was doing, women not being permitted within the lines, and he was much surprised to find her there.

Catherine immediately stood forward, and told the officers that she hoped that they would allow her to remain with her husband, for she had travelled all the way from Toulon to come to him; they had only been married a few days when he was torn from

her, being obliged to go to the war. She could not bear the separation and had followed him as soon as it was possible. She was an honest, respectable woman, ready to do anything provided she might stop with her husband.

The captain replied that he was sorry to tell her that she must go away, for the commander-in-chief's orders could not be transgressed; but she begged him so much to speak for her to the colonel and general, that at last she persuaded him, being a most kind-hearted man, to see if anything could be done for her. He went to seek his brother officers and told them the story of Catherine, the wife of their favourite trumpeter, and proposed that if a little money could be subscribed, they might get the general to give his consent to her being installed in a small hut which they would raise for her in any spot he would select, where she could hold a canteen and become sutler, selling drinks not only to their own regiment, but to all who might want them, and if this little barrack tavern were placed on the side of their camp which adjoined the British lines, he was sure she would soon drive a roaring trade. The officers were generous in subscribing, the general received the proposal kindly and gave his consent. Therefore, in a very short time, the trumpeter's wife was the happy possessor of a hut which she found filled with all the requisites for a good business; she got plenty of customers, for she was always good-humoured and ready to supply all they required. The English soldiers were not long in finding their way to her tavern, and she had as much to do as heart could desire; and time passed pleasantly enough but for the frequent din and turmoil of battle, when she shook and quailed, especially when the Russians made their sorties out of Sebastopol, yet, as soon as they were repulsed, she would go back to her duties and be in readiness to refresh any of the combatants, and in return learn from them all that had taken place, her constant anxiety being lest her husband should get shot; this he luckily escaped, though often in great peril.

Catherine's assiduity to her work brought her in plenty of money. The trumpeter was so proud of his clever, fascinating wife, and those kind officers who had been the first to help and befriend her were quite delighted at her success, and felt they had done right to set her up in business. She remained in the Crimea until some time after the taking of Sebastopol. As soon as peace with Russia was signed, her husband's regiment received orders to return to France. Alas! more than half the regiment had

succumbed during the war, but the brave fellows who were left and our heroine were received with open arms by their friends on reaching Toulon, and were warmly congratulated on their safe return home after all the perils they had gone through, and some of the women were quite envious of Catherine's success, and wished, when too late, that they had also had the pluck to follow their husbands to the war.

C. A. CREED.

*THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.*

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

JUST a century ago, in an Irish village, a father and daughter were preparing the second edition of a highly successful and famous work entitled 'Practical Education.'

The book is as dead as a forgotten mode. It is to be found buried in the dust of libraries or hidden in that charnel-house of many good things—a second-hand bookstall. Yet it was typical, and a very favourable type, of a branch of literature which once flourished and was green. The volumes are stiff with instruction. They are so common-sensible, so obvious, so verbose, so leisurely, so minute—their virtues as much as their failings make them impossible reading for a generation widely different from their own. The two Edgeworths who wrote them, pious Mrs. Trimmer, correct Miss More, prim Mrs. Chapone, form a committee as it were, who sat in a dreadfully righteous judgment on the youthful manners and morals of their time, with the author of 'Sandford and Merton' in the chair (that unique person whose destiny it was never to smile in life or to be mentioned without a smile after his death), and who are responsible for more Advice, Letters to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind, Strictures, Views, Opinions, Rules for the Bettering of This and the Encouragement of That, Moral Tales, Moral Reflections, Moral Considerations, Guides to Knowledge, to Genteel Manners and to Heaven than any other six persons in the world.

That they found plenty to reform in the upbringing of the young, there is very little doubt. The Golden Age for children was yet very far off. In France, thirty years before the Revolution, the greatest genius and scoundrel of his day had cried aloud, in 'Émile' and a white heat of passion, for a few of their most elementary and natural rights. The French child of the time was the artificial and dressed-up little toy of a modish mother, taught to bow and pirouette, to coquet and compliment, and nothing else in the world. With its body deformed by irrational clothing from its infancy and its mind by a most vile and unnatural state

of society, Madame wrote the most charming little pamphlets on it in the pauses of her intrigues and went into hysterics over M. Jean-Jacques Rousseau's astounding accusations in that novel of his, and the plain-spoken assurance of her dear doctor, the fashionable physician, M. Tronchin, that she had been put into the world not to be a mistress but a mother, and had failed in her only vocation.

There is no surer test of the character of a nation or an individual than its treatment of the helpless. A hundred and twenty years ago domestic John Bull did not stand that trial very much better than that immoral French brother of his whom he held in such a holy British horror. His servants, for whom anything was good enough, were in their turn good enough for his children. The fashionable mother, like her contemporary in France, left them to nurses whose character may be guessed from Swift's famous 'Directions to Servants.' If they were obliging enough to be pretty and set her off well, why, then they might come downstairs and do it: or be taken out driving by My Lady in the Parks—a fashion, as a toy-spaniel is the fashion one year and a plain companion with her back to the horses, another. The boys escaped from an inadequate tutor, who was worse paid and less respected than the footman, to the improving society of the grooms and the stablemen of a coarse age. My Lady's daughters were brought up to sell well. Once sold, they could be as vicious, useless, incompetent, listless, and wretched as they pleased.

It was from such an education and its effects that that committee of good ladies and elderly gentlemen tried, each in their turn, to save childhood. Their own conception of it, indeed, is not a little curious. The poet's 'A child? A fragment of the morn—a piece of Spring!' was not their idea at all. The child of reality—stumping little feet on the stairs, noisy when you want to be quiet and merry when you want to be sad, naughty and innocent, wilful and gay, the cause and cure of half the cares of life, had no place either in their philosophy.

Mrs. Trimmer's *beau idéal* of the young was a little grandson, who 'so enjoyed the rest as well as the comforts of the Sabbath, that he put away his toys with alacrity on Saturday night,' 'would have scorned to seek amusement unsuited to the season and have been offended with the person who would have supposed him capable of it.'

Miss More, on the other hand, thought it a fundamental error

to regard children as innocent beings, and considered 'the most important quality in an instructor of youth' a conviction of its innate wickedness.

No one perhaps has ever supposed the Sandford and Merton of their author's playful fancy to have the slightest resemblance to what Mr. Chadband called the Human Boy. While even Miss Edgeworth, who wrote with a vigour and ability not known to her compeers—Miss Edgeworth's little Charleses and Marys have, fortunately for themselves, never lived outside a book.

But if the Committee were at variance in many of their notions regarding a child, they were all agreed on one point. It was a Thing. It might be a bad Thing or a good Thing. But it was a Thing—to do as we choose with—to model after our ideas. No one seems to have thought it possible that the modelling might not take effect; that the clay might be stiff and the child born with a character. Ladies who had been complimented by Dr. Johnson may be forgiven indeed for being a little self-assured. They were the Pinkertons of Minerva Academy, who, having been crowned by the great lexicographer, could henceforth do no wrong.

The most striking feature of the works for the use of the young is their moral aspect. Georgian Tommy began to be moral in words of one syllable and a frock. 'Bob took a cake. Fie, Bob!' said his kind aunt. 'I love a good boy, but a bad boy I do not love.' The pattern is unaltered to this day.

Similarly, in the little 'Pathway of Knowledge' book, Tommy's errant attention having been gained by the query 'What is treacle?' had 'Who made you?' fired off at him as question two, before the attention had time to wander again. Throughout the rest of such works the authors artfully skip in a like manner from inquiries on dormice and jam, to questions on immortal destinies and a future world, to which only the pious assurance of a Trimmer or the gay innocence of a Tommy could have returned answers so pat, so certain, and so damatory.

Once in little frilled trousers and two or three syllables, Tommy of four advanced to more improving stories about squirrels or rob-ins, in which he expressed the righteous opinion that as those ac-tive, nim-ble crea-tures could never be happy in a cage, and he lov-ed to see them hap-py, his dear Mam-ma should never have the grief of seeing him catch one. (To be sure;

his Mam-ma might have been pretty comfortable on that point, in any case.)

Even history and geography were turned to a moral account. Tommy was to observe the workings of a beneficent Providence in the fact that in Arctic regions where there was no sun, there were no trees; while in the tor-rid zone, there were palms. He was also to be taught to see that the un-right-e-ous di-vorce of Katharine of Arragon (poor Tommy!) led by the blessing of Heaven to Anne Boleyn and Pro-tes-tant Eliz-a-beth.

Tommy was, in fact, improved at every turn. He must have felt quite murderous towards kings and queens whose examples not only pointed out to him the way he should go, but served as reproaches when he had gone the way he should not go.

‘But Henry was frail and licentious beside,  
And, at last, by a surfeit of lampreys he died—’

was, for instance, a direct hit at a youth who had only yesterday requested two helpings of cake, and been so audacious as to suppose that he knew better than the governess whether or no he was still hungry.

He could not even learn a piece of poetry which had not ‘Moral’ written large over the last verse. ‘How Doth the Little Busy Bee’ had had no sacrilegious parody written upon it then to enliven its solemnity for his youthful imagination.

The didactic pentameters of ‘You are Old, Father William,’ had not then any associations which could possibly raise a smile. One can picture the luckless Thomas, seated bolt upright in his drab-coloured schoolroom, with a pair of chubby legs stuck out straight in front of him, a small sister on either side, and little anxious eyes fixed on that abominably improving woman, that stiff-starched emblem of narrow bigotry, the Prunes and Prism of her day. No doubt, indeed, the schoolroom was not always drab-coloured. Sometimes Prunes and Prism, under that frigid and correct exterior, felt the prompting of an overwhelming feeling, called the maternal instinct. But if one may judge by the works for children combined with the works about them, the age thought too little of love and laughter and too much of reproof and improvement.

When the play hour was supposed to be come, Prunes and Prism read aloud stories in which a lesson was artfully concealed, like a powder in a spoonful of jam. One enthralling little narra-

tive contained an account of Mr. Lovechild instructing Augustus on numerals and Roman figures. "I shall be happy," replied the charming youth, "to hear any questions my dear Papa will propose: and I will endeavour to answer them as well as I can."

A second narrative opened in this promising manner: "My dear Mamma," said Eliza Primrose, as she skipped playfully over a flowery mead with her beloved parent one fine summer evening, "I think I have committed to memory all the verses you so kindly taught me: so that if you will ask me the questions which introduce them, we can hold a conversation all the way we have to go."

It may be taken for granted that Tommy and Mary, with the admirable downrightness of children, immediately detected that Eliza Primrose, for all her playful skipping, was going on to instruct them about somebody or something—and had, in fact, been created for no other purpose.

Neither story nor lesson was made more enthralling to luckless Tommy by all fields being alluded to as 'flowery meads,' hot climates invariably spoken of as 'torrid'—in fine, a grand word used wherever a simple one would do much better. Yet it must have been supposed that to translate a bishop into a 'revered prelate' and a girl into a 'delicately nurtured young female,' explained those personages better to the infant mind, since it was always done, most conscientiously.

The book out of which these extracts are culled is old, faded and battered, and yet carefully mended with black strips across the back by some neat little hand, long dead. It inevitably recalls a good little Georgian mother who earnestly tried to find therein suitable nutriment for the baby heart. Who can help hoping that she gave up the effort sometimes—took Tommy on her lap, and with his wondering, innocent eyes looking up into her face, told him stories with no moral, of gnomes, of giants and of fairies; or, forgetting Trimmers, Chapones and Edgeworths, taught him, from the simple wisdom of her own mother heart, a lesson of love?

It may also be diffidently suggested that the moral so greatly insisted on was not by any means the best of morals. Miss Edgeworth made quite sure, in a preface, that her tales were higher toned than those deplorable Cinderellas and Jack-the-Giant-Killers with which the infant mind had hitherto been corrupted. But, after all, her theory of virtue is the same as the

fairly stories—and is the Sugar Plum theory throughout. Be virtuous, because honesty is the best policy. Don't seize a tart, and your kind aunt will give you the largest on the dish. 'Truth, though it slay me,' do right, though it cost you your all, is, to be sure, a hard doctrine to teach a child. But it is at least no harder than hundreds of strange theological problems which were wont to be expounded, God knows how! to that small intelligence on many dreary Sunday afternoons. And despite Miss More's dismal notion of all the young as little Monsters of Depravity, there is no heart which is readier to receive a noble ideal than the unspoil heart of a child.

When Tommy at length escaped from the Moral Tale, it was only to the Improving Game. A later generation of children have also made geographical puzzles; without any particular benefit accruing to their geography. It is to be hoped this was also the case with Master Tommy and those good little sisters of his with their prim pinafores and little trousers coming below their frocks. But in the Geographical and Historical Question game there was no escaping instruction. What a poor reward six counters must have seemed for being cheated out of your playhours and made to give information about the houses of Israel and Judah, and the fauna of the Balkan Peninsula! Prunes and Prism, who was so sure when Tommy had had enough tea, never seems to have reflected that he might have had enough lessons also. A new age, and the best champion Tommy has ever had, have come to the conclusion that his natural instincts were not the less the right ones, and that he was almost always underfed and over-taught.

From Admonitions and Instructions of some kind the unfortunate boy never seems to have been free for a single moment. There were Rules (at the end of the Spelling Book) for his behaviour in every circumstance of existence. They got him up in the morning and followed him to bed at night. They pursued him into Church, the Street, and the Garden. They waylaid him on the Stairs. They tripped him up in the Schoolroom. They disposed equally easily of his soul and his pocket-money.

There was one division which regulated his 'Behaviour in Walking Alone:' and another which attended to his 'Keeping Company with his Elders:' and a third which provided for his 'Conduct with Companions.'

Tommy ('knowing the time of dinner and being ready a

quarter of an hour before') was to 'keep his eye on his plate and not on the dishes or the company.' When his parents told him he had had enough, he was on no account even to desire more. He was never to talk at table, 'much less sneeze, cough, or yawn.' 'If a bone hurts your mouth or anything sticks in your teeth,' painfully minute instructions were at hand to assist him to extract the offending object. In the parlour afterwards Tommy was to bow immediately he got inside the door, and, apparently, was to continue bowing until his parents became tired of the Mandarin monotony of the proceeding and bade him sit down. He was to bow again before he took the seat. He was to bow when visitors came in the room and immediately to bow himself out of it, unless formally instructed to the contrary. If he remained he was to be sure not 'to wink or use antic motions.' Neither was he to read a book, or look at a paper, or blow his nose: while sneezing and coughing were as strictly interdicted as at meals: and he was prudently cautioned not to slip out of the room privately, 'as that is mean and unhandsome.' Yet during the whole of this bad quarter of an hour Tommy was to 'look pleased but not merry:' and it was thought necessary to further forbid him to laugh. Laugh! there is not a single natural impulse of his youthful heart which those 'Directions for an Agreeable Behaviour and Polite Address' would not have crushed if they could.

Tommy was never to skip or jump, 'much less run, get hot, or pant.' He was not to whistle or sing when he walked alone, 'for these are marks of clownishness and folly;' while the same acts, in company, are 'the idle tricks of vulgar children.' The sins of tree-climbing and leap-frog are not even alluded to. They are the abominable crimes of which one does not speak.

The morality of the Agreeable Behaviour and Polite Address is a good deal more after the Sugar-Plum order than the morality of the Moral Tales, and has underlying its piety a kind of sly shrewdness, of which its good author was no doubt entirely unconscious.

'Be generous, but never give away what you may want.'

'Be always obliging, for obstinacy is a fault of vulgar children, and arises from their not having your advantages of birth and education.'

'Be ready to give your brothers and sisters anything they like, and they will give you what you desire.'

‘Never revenge yourself, for that is wicked; your relations will always take your part when you behave with quietness.’

‘If anyone uses you unkindly, despise him; and do not keep company with him afterwards.’

Oh, Tommy, Tommy! surely you of whom a Greater Authority than all the Polite Addresses and Agreeable Behaviours that ever were, has said, ‘Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,’ had in your childish soul a faith, a love, and a generosity, quite hidden from the calculating piety of your prudent instructors!

It may be confidently supposed that even the Tommy who was the victim of such maxims as these sometimes gave away a top he really *did* want to console a sad little sister, forgave his small wrongs with that divine forgiveness which is a child’s alone, and clambered into a motherly lap to be kissed and spoilt, entirely without afterthought or design either for this world or the next.

It is not difficult to fancy how that over-admonished youth must have sat looking enviously out of the schoolroom window at the lambs frisking in the meadow, or at Fido gambolling on the lawn. Tommy, alas! never gambolled. When he passed from the jurisdiction of Prunes and Prism it was only into that of ‘beloved Mr. Barlow,’ who stepped, as it were, straight out of the pages of ‘Sandford and Merton,’ for his discomfiture.

Had Mr. Barlow inevitably a white choker, short-sighted eyes, spectacles, and a bubbling stream of information which overburst all bounds, and welled up incontinently in playhours? This was his type, at least. He took Tommy out walking. Tommy held his hand and wished despairingly that either he or Mr. Barlow (but preferably Mr. Barlow) had never been born. That gentleman improved, or spoilt according to the point of view, every shining minute. Tommy could not smell a rose without being reminded of its calyx and corolla, nor enjoy the sunshine without a lesson in astronomy. If a rabbit crossed their path—dreadful interrogatories from Mr. Barlow as to the family of *mammalia* to which it belonged, and pious observations on the beneficent design of the Creator in providing it with legs wherewith to run and gambol. (It never seems to have occurred to the Barlows of the period that little boys had been also beneficently provided with legs for precisely the same purpose.)

There was a dreadful little story called ‘Eyes and No Eyes,’ which must have haunted Tommy’s walks like an avenging spirit, though, to be sure, the presence of Mr. Barlow made other

torments superfluous. 'Eyes' was the boy who proffered intelligent queries about fauna and flora the whole time he was out of doors, and of course was much too well bred to ask questions, as a real child would inevitably have done, to which his tutor did not know the answers. As for 'No Eyes'—how guilty Tommy must have envied that *insouciant* youth!—he ran on in front and frisked and shouted and enjoyed himself, and at the end of the walk was a warning to all little boys and blissfully ignorant of everything, except, perhaps, the evanescent arts—how to be happy and young.

There is no record that Tommy indulged in infantile football or cricket. He did not, at least, indulge in them with assistance from Mr. Barlow. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that prim white-chokered person and the vigorous young master in a modern public school, whose athletics are quite as important as his Greek, and who is by no means so many years older than Tommy that he is out of sympathy with that youth's character and ideals.

There is no wonder that when the Tommy burst, as he always seems to have done, straight from childhood to manhood, he generally misused the liberty to which he was entirely unaccustomed, and knowledge having been rendered hateful to him, forgot all he did know as soon as he could. Nor is it marvellous that when Mr. Barlow took him on the Grand Tour, the emancipated pupil set the worthy governor at defiance; and Mr. Barlow's pompous epistles home, tricked out with suitable quotations from the classics, were full of holy horror at Tommy's incorrigibility and wildness.

But if Tommy was to be pitied, little sister Maggie was to be pitied a great deal more. From the earliest age she was never allowed to be 'that perfect sexless creature so complete in its own matchless innocence, a child.' She was always a Delicately Nurtured Young Female.

She cannot have been more than three when she first sat at Prism's feet and learnt to sew, while Prism improved the occasion with solemn stories of the awful fate reserved in this world and the next for little girls who did not excel in that exclusively feminine accomplishment. It was ladylike to play the piano—so the unfortunate Maggie, with no taste for music, and the persistent Prism seated at her side—struggled with the first two bars of 'In a Cottage near a Wood' until her brain got benumbed and dreary, and large grubby tears fell down

her baby cheeks. It was ladylike to dress little English girls as if they lived in the torrid zone, so what Maggie suffered from the atmosphere of that schoolroom, at once imperfectly warmed and imperfectly ventilated, can be but dimly imagined. When the hour of recreation came, it was almost always too cold, or too damp, or too windy for a small person in little kid shoes and bare arms and legs to go out at all. As it was very unladylike, not to say immodest, ever to speak under any circumstances to that enormous division of the human race which the Spelling Book called 'vulgar children,' Maggie, from her chaste garden and chilly walk and holding Prism's knuckly hand all the time, could only sadly and silently envy fortunate village Sally, who might be seen through a gap in the hedge, with her battered hat by her side and her brown legs swinging, seated on the top of a stile, throwing stones into a pond—natural, plebeian and happy.

The only amusement, indeed, permitted to the young Female, at once satisfactory and proper, was her doll. What strange secrets of grown-up stupidity and misunderstanding that young Female of six must have whispered with her warm lips pressed tight against Selina Anne's comfortable composition face! Prism, of course, knew infallibly and to a second the time when Selina Anne became a foolishness and must be put away in a box-room; and Maggie was left with nothing but her natural buoyancy to console her. It is fortunate that at the age when one grows long legs and short petticoats, natural buoyancy is a force to be reckoned with.

From that time the Proprieties pursued Maggie like a pack of demons. For her, all athletic exercises were immodest. It was equally vulgar to look blue and cold, and to go for a brisk walk and get warm. It was dangerous to get her feet wet and ungenteel to wear thick boots and keep them dry. The most rigorous outdoor exercise she was ever allowed was a drive behind Papa's fat coach-horses—and then it was *de rigueur* to scream, turn pale, or faint, if those over-fed animals went beyond an asthmatic trot. (Screaming and fainting were not, indeed, recommended in so many words; but the Young Female who only laughed at such tragedies was regarded as distinctly unfeminine, or, at best, of No Sensibility.) Did Maggie wish to dance in the evenings? Miss More, in a famous work on 'Female Education,' had alluded shudderingly in a footnote to 'the indecent and offensive waltz.' No wonder that, in an age when bead mats and wax flowers were the only recreations from the use of the globes and

the 'Young Lady's Primer of General Information,' that Prism had to wage perpetual war against poking, stooping and fidgeting—round shoulders and crooked spines—the natural consequence of its being considered immoral to sit on a chair with a back to it, and the custom to sit all day long.

The Proprieties, of course, ruled lessons too.

It was proper to learn a little French and a little Italian; but only a very little, and with Prism's rich British accent carefully accentuated, for fear the Delicately Nurtured Young Person should be suspected of having visited improper Paris, or—gracious heavens! of having received instruction from a handsome, impoverished Italian nobleman. A little drawing, a little painting, and a little harp-playing became the Young Female, so long, that is, as she showed no signs of becoming proficient in these arts, or of being able to turn any of them to account. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, lifted up her voice against the cultivation of all such accomplishments when the pupil had for them neither taste nor use; but it remained, not the less, long after her day the universal idea that, when an occupation ceased to be objectless, it ceased to be ladylike.

It would have been thought that an age which was so anxious to make Maggie feminine would at least have given her a sound training in cookery and useful needlework. But it did not. In these branches of learning, as in all others, it was vulgar to be thorough, and possibly self-supporting. Maggie learned theoretically, perhaps, even the useful groundwork of domesticity; but practically it spoiled one's hands to touch nasty saucepans and frying-pans, and it was more refined to trifle with a little modish chenille work than to learn to make useful clothing.

Poor Maggie! The female of education of her day may be well described as a worthless ornament, which the genteel put on for show.

The Proprieties further directed not only the female mind and body, but the heart and soul. It was correct for Maggie to give away part of her pocket-money to the poor: but highly indelicate and not to be thought of to have any of that practical knowledge of the nasty dirty creatures which might have made the gift a blessing instead of a curse.

When Maggie wrote a letter to an absent sister she had always the 'Young Lady's Complete Letter-writer' at her elbow and expressed sentiments in which 'our august and beloved

sovereign' (George IV!) and 'the inscrutable Designs, my dearest Maria, of an All-beneficent Providence' figured largely. Was there a twinkle sometimes in Maggie's eye as she looked for the correct spelling of 'beneficent' in what she called her 'Dixonary,' and a corresponding twinkle in dearest Maria's when she perused those pompous epigrams? It is to be hoped so; for if Maggie and Maria could not laugh at the exquisite lack of humour in their tasks and teachers, their girlhood must have been dull indeed.

The Proprieties moreover thought it their duty to point out Improprieties. One good lady wrote a little story on purpose to tell Maggie how wicked—and entertaining—were those French novels on the top shelf. Without the warning, to be sure, Maggie would never have supposed that any amusement could possibly be furnished by works written in that abominably tricky and idiomatic tongue which she had imperfectly acquired, with tears.

Finally, it was in her day alike impossible to have any other destiny in life but marriage, and improper to be fitted for it. If it was ungenteel to be useful, it was immodest to be acquainted with the most elementary laws of health and good sense.

A female so delicately nurtured that she was never allowed to allude to the legs of the table or the chairs, could not, in the nature of things, be taught anything of the construction of the human body. Prism thought all Nature indelicate. If Maggie was to have been hereafter a mediæval nun, her training would have been foolish; as she was to be wife and mother, it was criminal. The age which found it shocking for her to play a game with her brothers or to nurse a cottager's baby, considered it entirely right, honourable, and decorous to marry her to any person selected by her parents the moment she emerged, still in a pinafore, from the schoolroom, half laughing, half afraid, longing to get away from lessons, no more awake to the responsibilities of life than a bird, and with—Heaven help her!—her only notions and experience of it drawn from Prism's.

The Proprieties gave her, as it were, the final push-off over the brink of that untried existence in the shape of Mrs. Chapone's 'Letter to a Young Married Lady,' wherein Mrs. Chapone solemnly instructed the bride how to retain Mr. L——'s affection by Sensibility and Softness, and how to artfully humour his temper when he was fractious.

The good Committee of Trimmers, Days, Chapones, Mores,

Edgeworths, having thus brought Tommy and Maggie to the Grand Tour and Marriage respectively, having in all points done their best, written voluminously, advised copiously, moralised continually, sat down as it were, satisfied : were complimented by Good Queen Charlotte and the nobility in general ; folded their hands ; assumed the right expression ; had their portraits painted ; and died.

They did much. They saved Childhood from Vice and Neglect. They did too much. They hampered it by unnatural restrictions and cramped it by narrow ideals. Yet they were not the less pioneers to better things.

It is not possible to say that even now the training of all boys is the best suited to make them self-supporting, good citizens, good fathers ; or that the education of girls is perfectly fitted to make them good mothers or useful old maids. It is still too often forgotten that ' the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal.' It is still too much the fashion to teach what *may* possibly be useful, before what certainly *must* be. Yet if the dismal Tommies who emerged from Polite Behaviours and walks with Mr. Barlow to dull license and libertinism be contrasted with those cheerful beings, the public schoolboy and the athletic undergraduate of to-day, which is the better picture ? While who can think that the repressed Maggie, with her back-ache and her Proprieties, her stuffy schoolroom and her stilted life, is not well exchanged for that fresh breath of morning, that gay, vigorous, impulsive person, with her outdoor games and her hundred honest interests, the English girl of to-day ?

### AN AMAZING VAGABOND.

THE ne'er-do-well is not always so pitiable as he is painted. Society often loves the fool of its family ; and not seldom does a handsome scamp possess passports which no amount of mere honesty and sobriety can obtain. The history of notable and entertaining persons opens the page on many a Barry Lyndon who, by sheer impudence and raffishness, has won his way to fortune and more luck than he deserved. Often enough, too, they have had the indulgence of an easy-going tolerance which in this sterner age has become almost impossible.

And this, too, was the luck of that amazing vagabond and scamp Bampfylde Moore Carew, who, born a Devonshire Carew and godfathered by noblemen, in early life became a roving gipsy, and in that capacity and countless disguises tramped and cheated and masqueraded in every part of the southern and western counties of England—not to speak of the Continent and America. So daring were his exploits and such his genius for lying that he became as famous as he was successful, and was elected 'king' of the gipsies while still a young man. Cousin to half the best blood in Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, he took a special delight in victimising the class from which he sprang ; and to this day one of the most interesting features of his extraordinary career lies in the fact that he imposed an unparalleled series of audacious tricks on the well-known men of a century and a half ago, whose names are very familiar to us as borne by their descendants to-day, who live and flourish in the very homes in which Carew the Gipsy King played with the credulity and misused the benevolence of their forefathers.

To a man like myself, born and reared in the West, such a past is no mere history. I can follow every furlong of the road along which Bampfylde Carew limped—as the soundest cripple thereabouts—from Exeter to Axminster ; every yard of his path as he went up to 'Squire' Portman's house to impose audaciously upon him ; every step of the way he went from Halswell to the spot where, disguised as a most respectable old housewife, he had a terrible fit in the road, and so extracted the dole which Sir Charles Tynte—the Tyntes are still at Halswell—had sworn he

would never give to Carew, disguise himself as he would! That strange visit to the Lord Weymouth of his day; that escapade at Taunton, with its sequel in the jail; the pranks at Dunster; the rout of the Revenue officers on the coast of South Devon, when there was something in smuggling and smuggling was something—these and a hundred more of such incidents are so connected with historic names and well-known places that no dweller in Wessex could fail to find an almost personal interest in the history of this well-bred and ill-conditioned scamp; while the story of his life, not to speak of its problems, has a whimsical charm for his fellow-sinners on earth—at any rate, as long as their pulses beat quick and their blood runs warm.

Bampfylde Moore Carew was the son of Theodore Carew, rector of Bickleigh, or Bickley, near Tiverton, and was born in July 1693. It was a family living, and is to this day held by a Carew. His Christian names were those of his godfathers, who 'tossed up' to decide whose should come first. In due course he went to that good old centre of flogging and letters, Blundell's School, at Tiverton, and here it was that the crisis in his life came to him. For at that time the schoolboys of Tiverton kept up between them a pack of hounds, and Carew distinguished himself above his fellows by his powers of running and jumping, and by a 'Hi, tantivy-tantivy!' of such merit that we must suppose it was not unlike John Peel's, whose 'view-halloa would waken the dead or a fox from his lair in the morning.' He also learnt, probably from some keeper of the better sort (and they are made from penitent poachers), a method of enticing dogs to obey and follow him—no slight accomplishment for those sons of the soil who so love the fat game that, having none of their own, they cannot rest until they acquire that of their neighbours. All these accomplishments stood him in good stead in later life, and 'The Dog Stealer' became one of his most common and not undeserved sobriquets. Curiously enough, the pack of hounds was permitted by the school authorities, even when used for a questionable variety of sporting purposes, though the fox was, of course, the supreme quarry. Now, just before harvest-time one year, as ill-luck would have it, a red deer wandered into the neighbourhood of Tiverton; and promptly enough the Tiverton School pack followed in pursuit. A grand run of many miles ended in the death of the deer—and enormous damage to the standing crops; and this speedily brought a deputation of yeomen and farmers to

the school, and the ringleaders were identified. The headmaster (a proficient of the birch) promised them a most drastic punishment, and, to make the more of it, held it over them until the next day.

But on the morrow Carew and three of his schoolfellows—Escott, Coleman, and Martin—ran away from the horrors they could well imagine, and, falling in with a band of gipsies, then and there joined them, cheerfully taking the oaths and going through the rude ritual imposed by gipsy custom. It is curious to note, by the way, that although all four were sons of persons of position and means, they never entirely turned their backs on the people whom they then joined. Interludes of home-life there were, and circumstances in two cases ultimately brought responsibilities which could not well be shirked; but to the end all four retained an affection for the vagabond's life and exhibited a loyalty to the 'Priggers,' 'Prancers,' 'Rufflers,' 'Swaddlers,' and 'Doxies'—as the gipsies are known among themselves—which I cannot help thinking should be put down to their credit.

Carew was now about sixteen years of age, and, just as he had shown himself to be apt at all his school work, so he soon proved to be as quick at acquiring the gipsy 'cant' and lore. His superior education, his gift of ready speech, and the energy with which he threw himself into all the 'cunning arts' of the gipsies, very soon gained him a reputation through the country-side; and when the gipsies wished to 'cut bene whiddies,' or prophesy smooth things to some fine lady, they selected him as likely to do the work best. He thus became their 'dimber-damber man,' which is equivalent to saying, I fear, that he was a prince among the rogues—the completest cheat of them all. His first opportunity was not long in coming, for no less a person than Lady Musgrave consulted him about a large sum of money which she believed to be secreted about her house. Carew, after an elaborate performance of ritual, gave it as his opinion that she was right, that the treasure lay near a particular tree, and that the day and hour for discovering it had been placed by the constellations exactly seven days forward from that time. Overjoyed by this confirmation of her suspicions, the good soul gave him twenty guineas for his prophecy; but I regret to add that when seven days had elapsed Carew was far away, and no treasure could be found under any tree, dig however deep and wide ten sturdy labourers would!

After some time, compunction for the sorrow which his career was causing his parents brought him back to Bickley. Here he stayed for several months ; but, in spite of all the natural ties of affection, he could not be happy, and one day he stole away and again joined the band with which he had formerly travelled. The next art he mastered was rat-catching and that of curing fits in cattle and dogs ; and, true to his new character, he now clothed himself in an old blanket as covering for his body, while of shoes and stockings he had none. He played, in fact, the part of 'Poor mad Tom'—'Tom's a-cold ! Who gives anything to poor Tom ?' He would beat himself, eat coals, butt the wall, tear any garments given him, and generally play 'the natural'—who, in country villages, is often considered endowed with special medical powers. By this means revenue poured in steadily for some time, and then, when his ground had been well covered, he reappeared as a poor farmer, ruined by a flood in which all his cattle had been drowned. Again was the metamorphosis complete, for now he was respectably dressed, and very quiet and simple became his demeanour. He went about with a wife and seven children—commodities always at hand and on hire in a gipsy gang. Such a wife is known by the gipsies as an 'autem-mort'—*i.e.* a church-woman or married woman—not because she is necessarily going about with her husband, or is even married, but because she is accompanied by several children, though none of them need be her own ! Disguise followed disguise, and I doubt not that he learnt in his uninterrupted campaign against human credulity a good many useful facts connected with human character. But Carew was not content. His passion for land-wandering grew into one for earth-wandering. He wanted to know more of the world, and, falling in at Dartmouth with his old schoolfellow Escott, still playing the gipsy, the two worked their passage to Newfoundland. *Cælum non animum mutant*, and with his chosen career never out of his mind, Carew simply treated the island as a mine for future mendicant purposes. He lost no opportunity of ascertaining everything known about everybody of any importance, and, after the fishing season was over, set sail again for England, disembarking at Dartmouth. Within twenty-four hours he was earning a good living as an unfortunate sailor who, coming back from Newfoundland, had lost his all by shipwreck. He particularly sought out the merchants of Bristol and Plymouth, who traded with Newfoundland largely, and in proportion to the

intimate information he could give them of that island did he receive of their abundance. The only change he made in this story was the date of the catastrophe and the name of the ship; for, with a sense of the claims of a topical event and an imaginative versatility which would have done credit to a modern journalist, Carew seldom let a shipwreck pass without turning it to account. Whenever the news of such a disaster reached the country, whether she had sailed from Weymouth or Poole or Plymouth or Bristol, Carew quickly appeared in the neighbourhood of those places, the one survivor of the melancholy event! His month or two at sea and month or two in Newfoundland were well invested.

The next event in his life was his marriage—an elopement with a Miss Grey, the daughter of a surgeon at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He represented himself to be mate of a trading vessel then lying in the Tyne, and the lady, impressed by his good looks and soft words, consented to fly with him. As a matter of fact, she sailed with him—in a ship commanded by a friend of his, was very uncomfortable in the North Sea and the Channel for a number of days, and, on arriving at Dartmouth, very downcast to learn that after all her husband was a gipsy and only a mate for her. But she was much stricken in love, and remembering that below all his disguises there lay, or slumbered, the gentleman, she forgave him; and, extraordinary though it may seem, they remained throughout a long life devoted lovers. It is true that they were seldom long together; months, and sometimes a year or more, elapsed without their hearing of or seeing each other; but to the end they were devoted man and wife, and, when together, as happy as any couple could be.

It was not long before Carew was on the road again. The newly married couple had stayed for a short time at Porchester with Carew's uncle, a well-to-do clergyman, who had offered to make him his heir if he would give up the vagabond life. But Carew could not be attracted by anything so secure, and within a week, taking his cue, as always, from his latest surroundings, was walking through Dorset and Somerset dressed in the gown and bands of a clergyman, mournfully and piously explaining to those he met that, although he had a wife and seven children, conscience had bidden him resign his Welsh living rather than take oath to the new Government, the policy of which was so against his moral convictions. His extreme modesty scarcely permitted him to

accept the many favours which his pious resignation extracted from the benevolent; but nevertheless he had nothing to complain of for some time. Suddenly, however, the country was horrified by news of a terrible shipwreck in the Bristol Channel, in which many Quakers, bound for Philadelphia, lost their lives; and, as Somerset was somewhat of a Quaker stronghold, he flung away his gown and bands, turned down the flaps of his hat, and 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' all and sundry as he related his providential and marvellous escape from drowning in the recent shipwreck. And this way came revenue exceeding.

An amusing story is told of the rapidity with which this 'lightning artist' changed his *rôle*. He knew the Portmans well, but when he called at Bryanston disguised as a rat-catcher they failed to recognise him. A clergyman present, however, declared him to be Carew, and this was admitted by the rat-catcher. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell, who happened to be there—Portmans and Pleydells still flourish exceedingly on the same soil—expressed his pleasure at meeting Carew at last; he had heard so much of him, but had never seen him before. 'What!' exclaimed Carew, 'do you not remember the poor wretch, with no shirt to his back nor stockings to his feet, who had been cast away on the French coast, and the rest of the crew drowned, to whom you gave a guinea and a suit of clothes?' 'Yes, I do remember that poor object,' was the reply. And then, to the amazement of those present, Carew avowed himself the sailor. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell and Mr. Seymour of Hanford (his descendants are still to be found there) laid him a guinea apiece they would know him again; and Carew took the bets eagerly. And the very next day an old woman, with a frill and high hat, and hooped petticoats, and two children holding on to them while a third lay in her arms, came to Mr. Pleydell's with a terrible tale of the dreadful fire which had just happened at Kirton, hard by, and of the total loss of all she owned. As she was loitering about in the yard, Mr. Pleydell and several friends came in from shooting, and one of them asking where she hailed from was told 'From Kirton, your honour;' and thereupon she began again her tale of woe. 'D—n you!' said a worthy magistrate, 'there's been more money collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth!' But he gave her a shilling, and Mr. Pleydell gave her half a crown, Mr. Seymour another, and so on. Then, as they were going into the house, a loud 'Hi, tantivy-tantivy!' from the snuffing old woman first

amazed and then vastly amused them; for, after all, Carew had won his bets.

It seems to me that Carew must have obtained a certain measure of artistic enjoyment from these endless tricks. He was a mummer as well as a 'mumper.' He showed again and again that he took an especial pleasure in performing deft and daring tricks, and simply because they were just that. He was particularly fond of getting a donation twice or even three times in one day from the same philanthropist—not a mean performance for either side! Thus, in the morning he would be an unfortunate blacksmith, and in the afternoon a disabled sailor; or an old granny with five orphans dependent on her at one time, and a one-legged cripple at another. He was Presbyterian, Quaker, Baptist, Roman Catholic, and sound English Churchman, according to the profession of his prey. The Duke of Bolton, the Bouveries, Northcotes, Aclands, Dykes, Arundells, and his cousins the Coplestones, Courtenays, and Cliffords—all unconsciously paid toll to him again and again, always in a new guise and in response to a new tale. Whenever he happened to be discovered he was almost invariably treated with the utmost good-humour and friendliness. His fame had gone abroad, and people knew well that he was no ordinary scamp.

A remarkable story in connection with Carew is told of the Lord Weymouth of that day—the Marquisate of Bath was not created till later. Carew was playing at the time the part of a shipwrecked sailor, and he fell in with another mendicant in like guise, 'begging away for God's sake,' and telling an equally piteous tale. As they approached Warminster, Longleat, Lord Weymouth's magnificent place in Wiltshire, with its promise of rich spoil, could not fail to attract them. They were at first very badly received, and the servants told them that Lord Weymouth, having travelled abroad, could detect any false tales about foreign parts; and that if he did so he would horsewhip them to the edge of his property, as was his happy wont with those he proved to be impostors. However, Carew felt quite safe as regards Newfoundland and certain parts of the Continent, and he and his companion continued to beg piteously. At last the housekeeper relented, gave them a shilling, some bread and beer, and nearly the whole of a cold leg of mutton. On their way from the house the two beggars quarrelled as to who should carry the mutton, Carew wanting to throw it away there and then, while his companion wished

to exchange it for drink at the nearest inn. This they eventually did, and after a long carouse they parted; but very shortly afterwards Carew was overtaken by two horsemen sent by Lord Weymouth to bring back the sailors who had called at Longleat. When ushered into the great man's presence, Carew was treated very roughly and promised a sojourn in jail and a flogging to boot. He was then removed to await the capture of his comrade, and soon that ragged gentleman entered the room where Carew was confined. They had just time for a hurried consultation together before they were again separated, and Carew was once more brought before the Lord of Longleat, who thereupon, to the unbounded astonishment of the prisoner, disclosed the extraordinary fact that his ragged shipwrecked comrade was none other than himself! Lord Weymouth's quick changes and stratagems had been made possible by his valet being in his confidence, and it seems that he was in the habit of thus playing the vagabond, partly to relieve a natural *ennui* and partly to learn what was really going on in the neighbourhood of his vast estates. I should add that he insisted on Carew staying with him at Longleat for some time, for he not only knew him well by repute as the prince of beggars, but was also acquainted with several members of his family. And thus he atoned for his very practical joke.

It was about this time that the old 'king' of the gipsies died and that Carew, on the strength of his innumerable exploits and the fame he had obtained through them, was elected to be 'king' in his stead. Strictly speaking, this position placed him above the necessity for providing his own sustenance, the custom being for the 'king' to be supported by the joint contributions of his subjects—sons of St. Peter, as they were called, whose every finger was a predatory fish-hook! But Carew's nature was too mercurial for this, and he was soon as busy as ever on the road. Yet, had he but known it, he was hastening on to disaster; for shortly afterwards he was arrested by the order of a magistrate bitterly opposed to him and the gipsies in general, and eventually convicted and sent to Maryland, in America, there to be sold into slavery for seven years. I cannot now follow him in his extraordinary adventures there, nor tell of his many hairbreadth escapes, nor of his flight into the woods with a huge iron collar round his neck—subsequently filed off by Indians—but I may just refer in passing to one or two facts which show that the America of Carew's day was strangely unlike that of even fifty years later. Thus, at Phila-

delphia (the incorrigible scamp was a Quaker there, by the way) we hear that all the houses had large gardens and orchards attached to them, and that there were two fairs in the year and two market-days in the week. In New York he found about 7,000 inhabitants, most of them Dutch; but he was chiefly struck by the hundreds of negroes he saw hanging on as many gallows all round the town. At Boston, that self-righteous Pharisee of a town, the pavement of the street was held to be so immaculate that 'to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit.' It is of further interest to hear for what wages he shipped for 'the run home;' the captain agreed to give him 15*l.* in sterling, fifteen gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar and tobacco, and ten pipes. This was the market price of the period.

The news of his return to England was received at first as incredible, but he very soon proved himself to be the real and only genuine Carew, and, strange to say, he was welcomed by everyone with almost a royal hospitality. Although he had been sentenced to seven years of slavery, he had actually returned home before the ship on which he had been taken out! That was a great achievement in times when the law was hard and evasion of it popular.

And so the old life was renewed—the wandering up and down the deep lanes of the West Country and across its open heaths, sleeping in the dells and combes and coppices, and feasting, as perhaps only a Devonshire man could, on the fruit of the countless orchards. I do not doubt that in many a town he 'stood pad,' as the gipsies say—that is, with a placard on his chest proclaiming him blind, dumb, or what not; that when hunger pressed he did not hesitate to 'ramp beaker-kens' (rob poultry-houses); or when the exigencies of the many parts he played required it, to become a 'prig-lully' and steal a shirt that fluttered clean upon a clothes-line. Many a pheasant paid tax to the Gipsy King with its life; and cunning snares brought many a rabbit and hare to his camp-fire at night. By 'dukking,' or telling fortunes, he often loaded pockets unpleasantly light, and by some audacious 'bamming,' or fairy tale, he extracted large-handed charity from the generous, impulsive landowners of the West. Yet kind he was to the really poor, and by his gipsy oath bound to share his spoil with those whose life, like his, was on the road. Often, too, like Robin Hood of old, he visited a summary vengeance on those whose hearts were turned against the poor. Though from one

point of view an Ishmaelite indeed, he would have been no true gipsy had he not been brother, friend, and comrade of the unfortunate.

One more story and I have done with this remarkable man. As it tells of a trick played upon him, it will partly compensate for those of the many tricks he had played upon others. In the days of which I write Bridgewater Fair was a very great junketing indeed, and attracted crowds of plump-pursed visitors from all parts of the West. As a natural consequence, there the vultures gathered together; and Carew, limping painfully along on crutches, entered Bridgewater on the eve of the fair one year with a dozen companions, some of whom were blind, some deaf, and some lame. Now the Mayor of Bridgewater was no friend of the gipsies, and as soon as he heard that this motley group of cripples had arrived he announced to some of his friends that he was possessed of a power they perhaps little suspected—that, in fact, he could make the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk. Bets were freely made that he could do nothing of the kind, and thereupon the Mayor had the gipsies arrested and immediately brought before him. Of a truth they were a sorry lot. Those who were not deaf were blind; those who were not blind were deprived of a leg or so crippled as to be wholly dependent on crutches. The Mayor, after hearing their harrowing tales, ordered them to be confined for the night in the lock-up—a windowless one-roomed building such as may still be seen in old-fashioned towns in the West. Thus they were locked in, with nothing but the brick floor for repose and the liveliest anticipations of the morrow for comfort.

About ten o'clock at night, however, the municipal surgeon entered with a lantern and announced that he would examine them all in the morning in order to report to the Mayor whether or not they really suffered from deformity of one kind or another; and he went on to say that those who were found to be impostors would be treated by the Mayor with severity so extreme that, moved to pity, he would allow any such misguided wretch to escape there and then from the lock-up on condition that he immediately left the town. At this intelligence a great commotion arose, and in less time than it takes to write it the whole crowd surged out of the lock-up, flinging away their crutches and wooden legs, patches and bandages, and made off down the town at topmost speed—the blind leading the way with unerring steps,

the dumb crying aloud their fears, the deaf replying to them, and the lame sprinting along at a rattling pace. Now, just opposite the lock-up, on the further side of the street, stood the witty Mayor and his friends, convulsed with laughter at the success of his scheme; and, to make the fun the greater, they chased the unfortunate beggars along the street, threatening loudly the awful fate which would befall anyone who might be caught. So the flight became also a race; and not until the last of the cripples had crossed over the bridge—one of them actually throwing himself into the river and swimming across—did the pursuit cease and the Mayor begin to collect his bets.

Of Carew's other adventures I cannot now speak—not even of his curious experiences with Prince Charlie's army as it marched to Derby in 1745. But it may please some to know that very shortly after this Carew finally returned to his old home and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Whether he had been induced to do this by huge winnings in a lottery, as some say, or by a fortune left him by a relative who had again and again offered him an independence during his career, or from a wish to give his daughter her proper station in life, the simple fact remains that he became regenerate after nearly forty years of vagabondage, and lived in prosperity and public esteem for a number of years. Moreover, his daughter married well, and her descendants apparently suffered nothing for the vagaries of that amazing scamp their forerunner. So I am bound to acknowledge that there does not seem to be any sort of moral to the story of Bampfylde Moore Carew.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

## THE GLADE IN THE FOREST.<sup>1</sup>

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

### CHAPTER III.

THERE was a masked ball at the Casino that August night; and among the miscellaneous crowd trooping through the gates and across the square—among the Frenchmen in neat black coats and baggy neckties, and English tourists trampling foreign opinion under foot in checks and knickerbockers—were a number of men in evening dress, some wearing their dominos, some carrying them, and of ladies, all closely masked.

Among the men were the duellists of that afternoon.

'We'd better put these things on,' said Laurence, slipping on his cowl. 'I've been at a good many carnivals, and it's always more amusing to know than to be known.'

'I hate all this tomfoolery,' answered Maurice.

'I was brought up to it, you see. There seem to be a lot of people. It's odds if we shall recognise her.'

'Your waiter chap at the hotel was quite clear about her coming?'

'Oh, yes,' said Laurence. 'He said she had inquired about the trains after *déjeuner* at the Maison Ardente. She was to bicycle to Tôtes and get here by rail in time for dinner.'

'Hallo, Frank!' said a man passing, 'who'd have thought of seeing you? Are you going to caper, or are you coming to break the bank with a two-louis maximum?'

It was Sir Gilbert Baynes. Maurice shook hands with the newcomer.

'I'm a looker-on,' he said. 'How did you get here, Gilbert? You know Laurence, don't you?'

Laurence bowed.

'I'm going on,' he said; 'that's rather a nice waltz they're playing. It's agreed, then,' he said to Maurice, 'if either of us makes the discovery he presents the other?'

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1900 by Stephen Gwynn in the United States of America.

'That's it,' said Maurice.

'What's the meaning of this?' said Baynes. 'Are you and Laurence hunting in couples now?'

'It's not my choice,' said Maurice. 'But come in. I'll tell you about it.'

They walked straight into the entrance hall, where the tables are. In the middle the little horses were racing round, and the croupiers impassive at their work; but the tables were oddly changed in aspect, for at least half the players and the group behind them were masked. Maurice put on his black domino, Sir Gilbert his scarlet one.

'Miss Yelverton is to be here to-night,' said Maurice. 'Now, would you say the tables or the ballroom was the place to find her?'

'Stay and have a look here first,' said his friend. 'We can go up into the gallery by-and-by, though how you are to spot her in this crowd passes me to say. But a good lot of them will be taking off their masks before the evening's over.'

Meanwhile Laurence was entering the ballroom. His spirits rose with the music, and his Italian training made the masquerade native to his disposition.

'The thing is,' he said to himself, 'to let her know that she is being looked for.' And in a moment he had his plan. Height and shape were all he had to go by; the dominos allowed not even a glimpse of the colour of hair. But height and shape instantly ruled out a good many exuberant French figures or squat Germans. Still, there were a deplorable number of women in the room any one of whom might possibly be the object of his search. He began, however, lightheartedly, turning to a tall slender person in a pink domino.

'Are the blackberries ripe yet?' he whispered into her ear with an air of mystery.

'*Parle français, beau masque,*' was the answer, in a high soprano. He was looking for a contralto. With a bow that expressed the deepest contrition he withdrew, turned sharp on his heel, and to a scarlet frock standing by him he murmured:

'Are the blackberries ripe?'

'I do not understand,' was the answer in a strong German accent. Again the same impressive bow, and he glided through the crowd, putting his question right and left, till people began to comment and laughing glances followed him, as he got answers,

some mystified, some snappish, some shy, and some not shy. But at last the most frequent answer, '*Parle français, beau masque,*' came in a voice over which he hesitated.

'*Un tour de valse?*' he said, and the lady came not unwilling.

Once round the room and five sentences exchanged convinced him that he was wrong.

'My pilgrimage is only beginning, mademoiselle,' he said, leaving her where he first found her; 'my heart bleeds for it, but we part.'

And with his deepest reverence he slipped away from her and made for a pillar under the gallery on the right-hand side of the room.

'I must stop this for a little,' he reflected, 'my ear is getting confused.' And, leaning against the pillar, he fell to scrutinising the whirl of dancers for any suggestion of her movement. He was in a kind of eddy or backwater between the stream of the dance and the slower current of couples who circulated under the gallery. As he watched someone touched him on the shoulder.

'Are the blackberries ripe?' asked a contralto voice, thrilling with laughter.

He turned instantly.

'You have the answer yourself, since you ask the question.'

She laughed a ringing laugh, throwing herself a little back as she stood.

'No,' she said, 'how should I? I only want to know why you are mystifying all the world.'

'Is it a riddle?'

Two men in the gallery opposite were watching the dance, one in a red mask, one in a black. The black domino had been following Laurence with his eyes, and when the lady laughed his gaze became riveted on the pair.

'Look!' he said. 'Do you see Laurence?'

Laurence, meanwhile, was unconscious of observation.

'Everything is a riddle,' he was saying, 'till you find the answer. I have found mine.'

'Have you been looking for it long?'

'Since I came here,' he answered.

'I don't call that long.'

'You are right,' he answered. 'It seemed long because I had found the answer and then lost it for a minute. All the world's a puzzle. There is something missing and you can't fit it

together, until one day a face comes, and everything gets its real meaning.'

'A face?' she said. 'How sad!'

'Why?'

'I thought you were going to say nice things about me. I have no face. I am only a mask.'

'You were not always a mask,' he replied.

'Were not? Why were not?' she said. 'Where have we met, then?'

'Why do you pretend not to be what you are?' he said. 'You will never be anything better.'

'I hope not,' she said, with her laugh again. 'Wouldn't it be awful to be getting better? But why do you pretend to be what you are not? You speak English; but you don't walk like an Englishman, or talk like an Englishman, or think like an Englishman. I don't believe you would——' she stopped.

'Would what?' he urged.

'Never mind,' she said.

'How am I to know, then?' he said. 'But I want badly to find out. Why should we not wander out into the promenade and look at the sea under the moonlight?'

'No,' she said, 'there's a seat. Let us sit down here and talk—of blackberries.'

They took a sofa near the pillar which just held two people.

'Why blackberries?' he questioned.

'As if you did not know,' she said.

'Certainly I know that blackberries are ripe, I went picking them to-day.'

As they sat down, the masks in the gallery moved.

Maurice turned round to his friend. He was growing uneasy. Decidedly, he thought, Laurence and the lady in the pink domino were getting on too well. That was not what he had come from London for.

'Gilbert, change masks, will you?' he said.

'Why?' said Baynes.

'A fad of mine, it can't do you any harm.'

And Major Maurice, wearing the red domino, made his way into the ballroom.

'I know you went to pick blackberries,' Laurence was saying.

'Do you?' she said. 'What a wise person you are! But you don't know the queer adventure I had. Oh, the very queerest

kind of adventure. I was bicycling down a track through some pine woods, and I came in sight of a green place among the trees. Then I saw two people—two men—who seemed to be fighting a duel with swords. What should I have done? What was the proper thing? Should I have shrieked? Of course I ought to have called the police, but you see there were no police to call.'

'Why will you keep up this pretence?' he said. 'What you did was beautiful and brave. It was not prudish nor proper.'

'You are trying to mystify me still,' she said. 'How should you know what I did?'

'How?' he said impetuously, 'how? why? Why should I be looking for you here to-night? Why was I wretched till I found the answer to my riddle? Let us have an end of this.'

And he threw back his cowl for a moment.

Instantly she started away from him, shrinking to her end of the sofa.

'You—you? Is it you? Oh,' she said, with a tragic inflection, 'I thought it was you who would be killed. What happened after I went away?'

'Answer me first,' he said. 'Would you have cared? It didn't seem to matter to you when you went away.'

'Why, what could I do? You wouldn't have wished me to beg him to spare you. I saw it had to go on. After you had come from London and made all those plans, and written papers about the way the duel was fought, you couldn't stop. You would have been afraid of the ridicule.'

Laurence moved a little uneasily. But she went on quickly:

'Yes, I was sure it would be you. He looked so big, so formidable, so strong.'

'A duel isn't a prize-fight,' said Laurence, touchily.

'Ah!' she said, with a sudden movement turning to face him. 'And is it really true? Do you know—I am a little—afraid. I thought you were just a nice boy, and now—you've killed a man.'

'Why,' said Laurence, tempted to play with the idea, 'would that make a difference?'

'Of course,' she said, 'you were only a boy, and I could laugh at you. But now—I'm afraid.'

'You needn't be,' said Laurence a little awkwardly, 'there's

no one killed.' He hesitated a little. 'The fact is——' he began. But she cut him short.

'Then he's not killed? Oh, I'm so glad—because now, you see'—and there was a little drop in her voice—'now I can be quite glad.'

'And you would have been sorry if I had been killed?' he asked.

'Sorry,' she said, with meaning. Then quick as a flash she changed her tone: 'Yes, I'm very glad you're here.'

'Then why don't you come and walk about in the moon-light?'

'Because,' she said, 'you're such a dangerous person—I'm a little afraid still.'

'But I haven't told you what happened.'

'Oh yes, you have. Don't let us talk about such dreadful things.'

'But I must tell you,' he persisted.

'No, no, no, no,' she retorted, 'don't. I forbid you to talk of it. Listen to the music. Why aren't we dancing?'

'Very well,' he said, and they glided off together.

'Don't talk,' she said, 'I hate to talk when I am really happy dancing.'

She was as light as a feather in his arms, and they danced both of them, undoubtedly, as if they were happy dancing. The red domino watched them from under the gallery with very set eyes. Then the music stopped. 'I must go now,' she said.

'But,' he pleaded, 'you won't go away like this. You will let me see you again. Let me come and see you. I don't even know your name. Where are you staying?'

'No,' she said, 'I am not going to have a name. I am going to be just the lady who came out of the forest.'

'Ah!' he said, 'but the Dryads are friends of the mermaids, you know. Out along under the cliffs there, towards Neuville, they come and walk together.'

He could only see the laughing eyes that looked out through her domino.

'About ten o'clock to-morrow,' he said, 'it will be low tide. Nobody comes then there except the forest ladies. Do you think if I went there I might meet a Dryad?'

'H'm!' she said—a little doubtful mocking sound; and she put her head a little on one side like a parrot.

'How can I tell?' she went on; 'but you can always go and see.'

The red domino had drawn close to them now, close up behind where they stood. He seemed to waver in inclination; and twice approached almost within earshot, but drew back again.

'I must go now. I leave you to your Dryads,' she said.

The red domino walked up close in front of the pair.

'At ten o'clock,' said Laurence.

'*Qui vivra verra*,' she laughed. At the same moment the red domino touched Laurence on the shoulder.

'Introduce me,' he said, taking off his mask.

The lady gave a start, genuine enough this time.

'Why,' she gasped, 'you've changed your domino.'

Laurence felt as if he had been struck by a bullet. It is extraordinary how quick the mind is in summing up the total of its own humiliations.

'I presume,' he said bitterly, 'that this comedy was arranged between you.'

'What comedy?' said Maurice. 'I don't understand a word of this.'

Laurence was by far too angry to see what pitfalls he was running into.

'This trick that has been played on me—her pretending that she did not know what had happened this afternoon.'

'Oh, come,' she said, 'this is too much. Who tried to play upon my tenderest feelings? Tell me that.'

'I wish,' said Maurice, 'that you would take off those foolish masks and let me know what you are talking about. What is this about a trick? I haven't spoken a word to this lady except in your hearing. How should I have arranged any trick?'

'What!' said Laurence. 'How did she know that you had changed your domino?'

'Ah,' she said. 'I know everything, of course.'

'I dare say,' said Laurence, 'and your start. It was admirable. I congratulate you.'

'Well,' she said, 'it was natural to be startled, wasn't it?'

'Why?' said Maurice.

'Why, if you supposed that a person was dead, and suddenly the ghost of that person looked out at you from under a red mask, you'd be surprised—wouldn't you?'

'You supposed nothing of the sort,' said Laurence angrily,

and the angry words were oddly incongruous with the blank face of his cowl. Maurice's uncovered face had scarcely any more expression than Laurence's mask, but an ugly light came into his eyes.

'I don't quite understand,' he said, turning to Laurence. 'You say I played a trick on you. Will you explain?'

She saw at once that she had been playing with edged tools.

'No,' she said, 'I'll explain. It's really a lovely story. And it is really I that am the injured person. Go away,' she said to Laurence, 'and I'll tell the story.'

'I've no doubt you will,' he said, 'and a very amusing story it will be. But I'm going to explain. You see,' he said, turning to Maurice, 'I was talking to this lady; we recognised each other. She pretended to believe that the duel had gone on after she went away this afternoon, and I—well, she made a fool of me, that's all about it.'

'You mean,' said Maurice, 'that you pretended I had been killed, as she says.'

Laurence flushed deep behind his mask. 'No,' he said, 'not exactly, but I didn't explain at once. I was going on to explain when you came up.'

'So I gathered,' said Maurice, sardonically.

She struck in rather nervously with a forced gaiety:

'You have the stupidest way of telling a story that I ever heard. Anyone would think it was the dulllest kind of a muddle, to hear you. And it really was pure comedy.'

'Admirable comedy,' said Laurence, bitterly.

'Yes, admirable comedy. I pretended not to know, he pretended not to know that I was pretending, and so he pretended to pretend that you had been killed, and I pretended to be very deeply grieved.'

'Then you both pretended to dance,' said Maurice, 'and then you were just pretending that you were going away.'

'No,' she said, 'that was real. The people I came with will wonder why I stand here all evening talking to a couple of masks instead of dancing. Do you know,' she said to Maurice, sweetly, 'if you were very good I might give you a dance after supper?'

'You're very kind,' said Maurice. 'I wish I danced, but I don't. We mustn't keep you now.'

'You understand?'

'Perfectly,' he said.

'And if you like to come and call to-morrow—do you know where to find me?'

'I do,' he said, 'I won't fail.'

She looked again closely at him and at Laurence, who was twisting the ropes of his cowl hard in his hands.

'*À demain, messieurs,*' she said, with a little nod, and glided away to the other side of the ballroom. She was lost in the crowd. Maurice bowed. Laurence remained stiff. Maurice turned to him. His tone cut like a knife, but he was perfectly composed.

'I don't think I need any more explanation,' he said.

'If you did,' said Laurence, savagely, 'I should refuse it to a person who descends to change his costume in order to spy upon me.'

'As a matter of fact,' said Maurice, in the same icy voice, 'I had some thoughts of doing so, but I did not. I merely came up in time to hear what anyone else might have heard—the assignation you made with that lady. But on the point of honour, you know, I don't think you are in a position to throw stones. You had the impertinence,' he said, his suppressed rage breaking into words, 'you had the impertinence to pretend that you had killed me.'

'You know perfectly well,' said Laurence, 'that I was tricked; the whole comedy was arranged between you. She cut me short every time I attempted to explain. But if you think that I will submit to be played with like this, you are greatly mistaken.'

'The mistake was made yesterday afternoon,' said Maurice abruptly.

'The sooner we put it right the better,' retorted Laurence. 'When or where you choose.'

'I have a liking for that place of yours,' said Maurice, resuming his tone of irony. 'It has a dramatic fitness, as you would probably say. Besides, you see, I was killed there myself and it did me no great harm. You ought to try if you will be as lucky.'

'This is unmannerly talk,' said Laurence, with an attempt at dignity to conceal the wincing of his whole nature under the ridicule. 'If you want to go there, a train leaves at midnight. We can be on the ground at daybreak, and there will be no interruptions then at all events. We shall see then if you are justified in your bragging.'

'Don't talk so loud,' said Maurice, for the boy was raising his voice, and people turned to look in the crowded room. 'Very well, then. Your local knowledge is useful. I shall miss it. We had better go at once.'

And with an unruffled countenance he led the way out of the ballroom.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

DAWN was cold in the sky when the two men came up the track through the brown pine needles. A red sun was rising, the pine trunks were black on their right and red as blood to their left. Angry men they were and angry they looked—not a word was said between them. They turned from the track into the glade; the grass, heavy with dew, smelt fresh of the morning. The slender over-weighted pine swayed out into the clearing like an anxious spectator straining into the arena; everything else was dead still about them, till a jay, scared by their coming, flew off shrieking elvishly through the forest.

'The light is not so good,' said Maurice, breaking the silence; 'but it will do. We shall face north and south.'

Laurence simply nodded. He was overtired, overstrung, and did not trust himself to speak. He had been foolish openly, and in his heart he knew that there was no chance for him in this fight. All he could do was to put a brave face on it, but it seemed ignominious to be killed because a woman had made a fool of him.

They stripped to their shirts—for there had been time for them to change back into clothes that would excite no notice—and faced each other.

'One word,' said Maurice. 'When we came here before I had no intention of hurting you more than was needful. Now you're in my way, and if I can I am going to kill you. Have you any commands?'

'You need not be insolent,' said Laurence.

'I will keep your engagement for you on the beach,' said Maurice, with savage emphasis.

'You are very welcome,' said Laurence, with a bitter laugh. 'On guard,' and they crossed swords.

'It was Maurice now who pressed the attack. Laurence, quick

and lithe as an acrobat, feinted and evaded. Once, when the elder man's feet slipped on the wet grass, he touched him on the shoulder; but the stronger and more experienced fencer pressed him steadily and remorselessly; never over-reaching, never seeming to tire. Laurence's breath came quicker and shorter, the strain in his face was more intense as the blades crossed and jarred and flickered; the point of steel was for ever threatening; nearer and nearer thrust upon thrust came, each harder to parry than the last, and the ripostes grew fainter and fainter. It was a matter of minutes—of seconds perhaps.

Suddenly a voice came across the rattle of the blades:

'Stop!'

The men heard it, and Maurice pressed on more fiercely; his lunges came quicker and closer; but the young man, rallying desperately, answered him with a new energy.

A woman came across the glade, running swiftly—a strange figure; she held up the skirt of a white ball dress that tripped and hampered her as she ran, a red shawl was thrown about her shoulders and over her head, her hair was wild about her forehead, and her face was deadly white. As she came nearer she cried out again: 'Stop!' But the men went on. Running faster and faster, she caught her foot in her dress and fell, not twenty yards from them, with a little cry of pain.

Maurice dropped his point and turned to her.

'Stop,' she said, struggling to her knees; then, with a sudden assumption of imperiousness, 'I order you to stop.'

She came towards them, walking with difficulty. The men stood with their points lowered—Laurence visibly collapsed, breathing too hard to speak; Maurice white enough and breathing fast too, but collected and stern as death.

'You must go away,' he said, 'there has been too much interference.'

'Nonsense,' she said, still panting with her run. 'You must stop. I can't let you go on. You're fighting about nothing.'

'We are the judges of that,' he retorted. 'You must go away at once.'

'But I can't,' she said, with a plaintive laugh, 'I have hurt my foot.'

'Then you must stay here, and one of us will come back to you.' She winced as if he had struck her. 'You must see for

yourself,' he went on, 'that the thing must be ended. There's one too many of us.'

'The foot is another piece of comedy,' said Laurence bitterly, between the gasps of his breath.

'It isn't, really,' she said. 'Look here, I can't let you go on. It's all my fault.'

'You should have thought of that before,' retorted Laurence. Then he said to Maurice: 'Let her sit down. It will be as good as a play for her. She has a taste for comedy.'

She looked at him disdainfully from the height of her displeasure. She was not used to be spoken of so cavalierly in the third person.

'You are a foolish boy. This is a serious matter. I must speak to Major Maurice. Go away, and let me talk to him.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind,' said Laurence, obstinately.

'Then,' she said, turning to Major Maurice, 'will you give me your arm as far as to that tree?'

He bowed and offered it. She limped a little, but by this time she had regained her colour, was perhaps a little flushed, but evidently mistress of her own resources.

'I did really hurt myself, you know,' she began.

'Nothing bad, I think,' he answered rather grimly.

'Nothing worse than the scratch on your shoulder,' she said. 'Am I to tie that up, too?'

'If you stay,' he said savagely, 'I can promise you as much of that sort of thing as you will like. Here's your tree. Will you wait here?'

'No, no; don't go,' she said, and there were tears in her voice. 'Look here, Major Maurice——'

'So you know my name?' he interrupted.

'Of course I do. Do you suppose an actress doesn't know people who send her nice bouquets and sit in the front of the stalls every day? But I can't let you kill that boy. He's a poet. His life is too good to be thrown away for my folly.'

'I take no stock in poetry,' he answered. 'Besides, your young poet is very well able to take care of himself.'

'Not against Major Maurice,' she said; 'and if I hadn't come up and interrupted——' She paused.

'It would have been over by this time. Now it's to do over again. And I'll tell you what, Miss Yelverton, it's going to be done.'

'Nonsense,' she said. 'I tell you it is all nonsense from beginning to end. You aren't a boy to quarrel about nothing.'

He looked at her sharply. 'Do you remember what you said yesterday? This isn't a silly duel. There's a woman in it.'

'A silly fool of a woman,' she said. 'But it is Mr. Laurence who has a right to be angry with me. Why should you want to punish me for playing a trick on him? What good can it do you to kill Mr. Laurence?'

'When a man can't get a thing himself,' he retorted, 'he does his best to prevent other people from getting it.'

She stared at him in frank amazement.

'Well!' she said. 'Well! You certainly are the silliest person I ever met. Do you suppose that I am in love with Mr. Laurence?'

'I heard you give him a meeting,' he retorted, 'and how many times did I ask to be allowed to meet you?'

'If you had any sense,' she said, 'you would be greatly flattered.'

'I don't understand,' he said.

'Never mind,' she said with a laugh. 'But tell me candidly. Do you suppose that if I were in love with a man I would play such a trick on him as I played on that boy yesterday?'

'I believe,' he answered, biting the end of his moustache, 'that you would make a fool of the Archangel Gabriel if you got a chance.'

'Well, I'm not in love with the Archangel Gabriel, am I?'

He looked at her closely as she sat there in her dragged ball-dress, with eyes that had begun to dance again. Her hair was laughing at him, too, from about her ears and temples, where it strayed from under the red shawl.

'That's right,' she said, 'you're getting sensible. Are you convinced now that I'm not breaking my heart for Mr. Laurence?'

'You didn't come here for my sake,' he retorted.

'I came here for my own sake, and because I didn't want dreadful things to happen. You won't let them?' she asked pleadingly.

'You want me to stop the duel?' he asked with meaning.

'Of course.'

'Very well,' he said, 'I will, if you convince me that you're not in love with Laurence. You know,' looking at her intently, 'how you can do that.'

Her countenance fell a little. Then she laughed.

'Oh, dear!' she said ruefully; 'I suppose I must explain. Very well, then, I will explain to both of you. Mr. Laurence,' she cried, raising her voice. 'Mr. Laurence, will you come here?'

During this conversation Laurence had been left to his own reflections. He was as brave as need be; but Maurice's sword point had been very near his heart, and his nerves had been strung up to the very highest pitch; the sudden recoil into a momentary safety had affected him strangely with a thrill of intoxication. He had been face to face with death, and now life came knocking at the door; and he was decidedly in love with the face of life more than the face of death. Still, the indignity rankled. But for all his endeavour he could not desire that the duel should go on; all his effort was to repress a hope that it might be stopped. Yet the lady's voice awakened his smarting vanity; he made a shift to stand on his dignity, though the best he attained to was to sulk.

'Will you go and tell him to come here, Major Maurice?' she said; 'tell him I want to apologise.'

Maurice walked over to him.

'Miss Yelverton wants you to come to her,' he said, 'she has something important to say to you. I think you'd better come.'

Laurence didn't trust himself with words, but he came.

'Mr. Laurence,' she began, 'I want to apologise to you. It was an awfully mean trick. You see I hid behind the bushes there,' she pointed to the end of the glade, 'and of course I saw you both go away.'

'Did you, indeed?' said Maurice.

'Yes,' she said. 'I know I've been behaving disgracefully all the time. But wait till you hear. I never expected to see you again. Then at the ball I recognised Major Maurice when he came in before he put on his domino; and then when someone began asking people about blackberries in the ballroom, of course I knew who it was. So I thought I would try and draw you out a little,' she said to Laurence. 'You know,' she went on quickly, 'you were just as bad. You pretended to be in love with me. That was nonsense. Confess, now, it was nonsense.'

'You have a very odd way of apologising,' said Laurence. He felt himself drawn irresistibly to laughter. It is very hard to be inflexible when you are getting what you know is a reprieve;

and the laughter in her eyes came into his veins with the exhilaration of release.

'Of course,' she said calmly, 'I don't mean to say that you wouldn't have fallen in love with me. But, you see, you didn't know anything about me. Major Maurice, now, has some excuse, for he saw me on the stage, and I really was a charming Julia. Was I not, Major Maurice?'

'Oh!' said Laurence, 'you are that Miss Yelverton?'

'Naturally,' she said, 'what an ignorant person you are! If you had not been so ignorant all this would never have happened. Now I knew all about you. I knew your poems. I even had a photograph of you. That was how I recognised you.'

'Is this what you were going to prove?' asked Maurice.

'Oh!' she said, 'don't hurry me. I'm coming to it. Now, although you were not in love with me,' she said to Laurence, 'nor you either,' she turned to Maurice, 'of course, as I say, you might have been if you had had the chance. I know I'm quite a nice person. And what is more, I wouldn't have minded. I would have thought myself very fortunate if you,' she said to Maurice, 'had been in love with me; or if you'—and she bowed to Laurence—'had come to write me poems.' Then she paused. 'I would have liked it very much—if circumstances had been different. But they weren't.'

'What do you mean?' said Maurice, rather angrily.

'Don't be cross,' she said appealingly, 'you've been so nice to me, and I feel I owe you both a little explanation of my conduct. You see—there was someone else.'

Maurice's face grew downcast.

'Indeed,' he said, 'and what does that explain?'

'That's just the point. He's coming here.'

Maurice grew a little whiter. Laurence showed no undue depression. But neither of them said anything; and she went on:

'So, if I have been running wild a little, that was—oh well, I had better tell you the whole story. You wouldn't know his name and he wouldn't know yours, but he's quite a famous person. He's a kind of professor—a great authority on stars; and he went away to the ends of the earth to see a silly eclipse. Well, before he went, Cornish asked me to act at the Doric. I was wild to. But the other person didn't want me to. He said I had a natural genius for getting into scrapes.'

'He has some sense,' said Maurice, ruefully. 'Well?'

'Well, I promised and vowed that if I was let act I would live the life of a hermit. So I did, if a hermit has a maiden aunt. Of course I couldn't help people sending me bouquets—they sent me very nice bouquets, Major Maurice—and of course I couldn't answer the letters they wrote me. Only I was a little curious about some of the people, so I went one day to a fencing school where I thought I should see some of them. I *was* so disappointed; and then, you see, that was the beginning of sorrows.'

'Go on,' said Maurice.

'Are you beginning to forgive me, Mr. Laurence?' she said, persuasively.

'It seems to me you will want a good deal of forgiveness before you are done,' he answered, not inexorably.

'It was so dull being a hermit, you know. But the person I told you about was coming back quite soon, and I arranged to meet him at Dieppe. So I came over for a little quiet bicycling. You see, I was in very high spirits, and I had been very bored, and then—well, things always seem to happen.'

'Where you go,' said Laurence, 'I expect they do.'

'It's very lucky for you,' she retorted, 'that they did. I came along through this wood, and suddenly I became a woman with a mission. Why should fate have picked me out for the business of stopping two men from killing each other? I didn't want to be picked out, but I had to do it and I did it. Then, of course, after that,' and she stopped, 'perhaps I mixed things up again a bit. But it was really all a joke, only you kept making it serious. No, I'm really most awfully sorry that I have behaved so badly. But if you go and kill one another that won't do anyone good. The only thing that would be different is that, instead of being very happy to-morrow, I should be very miserable. You were both so nice to me yesterday. I'm sure you don't want me to be miserable when I want to be happy. It really wasn't my fault that you weren't in the fencing school on Sunday afternoon, Major Maurice.'

'Yes, it was. I was looking for your address in Dieppe.'

'And you got it?' she asked quickly.

'I did,' he said.

'It was a great shame,' she retorted, 'I shall have to send away Pauline. But anyhow, it wasn't my fault that I happened to come by here yesterday, that was a sheer fluke.'

'How did you get here to-day, may I ask?' asked Maurice,

with a rueful smile. 'I thought we were quit of you. You weren't in the train.'

'Ah, ha!' she cried, and she beat gleefully on her knees with her hands. 'You thought you would put me off yesterday in the ballroom. Do you think I don't know when a man is angry—about some stupid joke?'

'That doesn't tell me how you knew we were coming here,' he said.

'It was your own idea. Do you think you are the only person who can change dominos?'

Maurice bit his lip.

'You listened,' he said, rather angrily.

'I had no silly scruples about eavesdropping. I came with a white domino, and I listened.'

'Well, but,' said Laurence, 'you weren't in the train.'

'Naturally,' she said. 'I knew you would see me if I was. So I went back to the house where I was staying. They have got an automobile. I hunted out the *mécanicien*; he thought I was mad, but I told him I wasn't, and so we started off. He knew the way to Tôtes and I knew the way from Tôtes, for I rode it yesterday. Heavens, what a drive it was! Away we went about twenty miles an hour, with the *mécanicien* imploring me to put on the brake down hills and I imploring him to put more steam on the old thing. And oh! it was so cold. You see,' she said with a laugh, 'I wasn't dressed for the part.'

'Where's the motor?' said Maurice.

'I brought it along as far as it would come, but coming down this track it charged into a lot of bushes at a corner and I left it stuck there, and I ran—heavens, how I ran! If there was any gratitude in you, you know what you would do?' she said suddenly.

'Gratitude,' said Maurice, indignantly.

'I thought this was an apology,' said Laurence.

'What thankless brutes men are!' she retorted. 'I drive forty miles through the night in a balldress, on a wild motor car, to prevent two people making fools of themselves.'

'Who made fools of them?' said Laurence.

'And they have not the common gratitude to ask me if I am hungry! Oh!' she said, shivering, 'I'm so cold and so hungry and so wet. I hate this damp grass. Take me away.'

The two men looked at her and looked at each other, and burst into laughter.

'*Solvuntur risu tabulae*,' said Laurence.

'Don't talk strange tongues,' she said. 'What does he mean, Major Maurice?'

'I don't know,' he said, 'but I expect he's saying that you beat the devil.'

'Do I?' she said. 'How odd! But when am I to get any breakfast? I have nothing belonging to me but a balldress and a motor stuck in a bush.'

'Come along,' said Maurice, 'and we'll get the motor out of the bush.'

'Well,' she said, 'but aren't you going to get me some breakfast?'

'What do you think?' said Maurice, turning to Laurence. 'There's the hotel handy.'

'Perhaps we'd better,' said Laurence, with a laugh.

'You must,' she said, stamping her foot. 'Oh, it hurts. I forgot my sprain.'

'Dare say it'll mend when you get breakfast,' said Maurice.

'Maybe,' she said, 'but you must each give me an arm.'

So with great solemnity the three walked, she holding an arm of each, to the entrance of the glade. But before they left it she turned and looked back.

The sun was well up in the sky now, and the dew on the grass shimmered and glittered in the cool radiance of the morning. Over its delicate grey film the footsteps could be traced, and a long trail, like the wake of a boat, showed where her skirt had swept it.

'The dear place,' she said, 'doesn't it look sweet? Gentlemen,' turning to them with an air of benign condescension, 'you have been very nice to me. I won't forget it. Major Maurice, if ever I want a duel fought I will get you to fight it.'

'Dare say you'd keep me busy,' he said.

'Mr. Laurence, if ever you write a play, I will be the heroine.'

'Comedy or tragedy?' he asked.

'Either,' she said. 'Both.'

Suddenly she broke away from them and clapped her hands exultingly.

'Oh! I'm so happy. I've had a duel fought about me after all.'

THE END.

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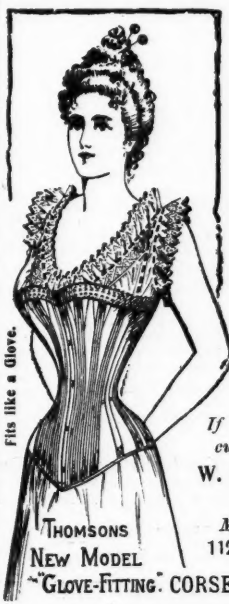
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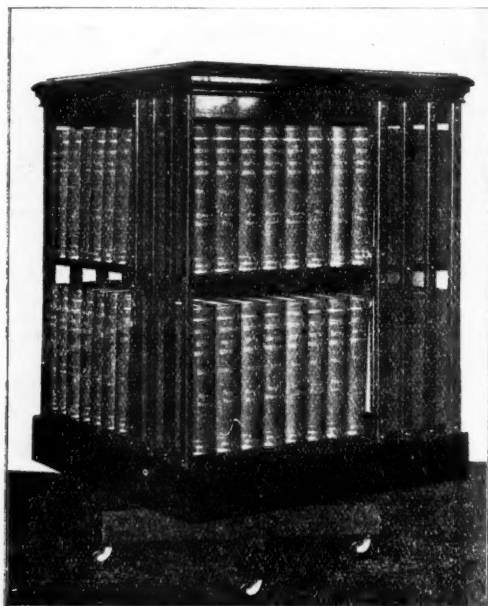
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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BLACKSTICK PAPERS. No. 1. By Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE	721
DR. CONAN DOYLE AND THE BRITISH ARMY. By Lieut.-Col. F. N. MAUDE, late R.E. . . . .	728
AN ERROR RIGHTED. By S. BARING-GOULD . . . .	740
OF SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS IN PEKING. By the Rev. ROLAND ALLEN . . . . .	754
THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY. By Miss NORA HOPPER . . .	777
CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By GEORGE M. SMITH . . . .	778
COLONIAL SERVANTS. By Lady BROOME . . . . .	796
THE TRUMPETER'S WIFE. By Mrs. C. A. CREED . . .	808
THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By S. G. TALLENTYRE . . . . .	815
AN AMAZING VAGABOND. By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE .	828
THE GLADE IN THE FOREST. Chapters III-IV. By STEPHEN GWYNN . . . . .	839

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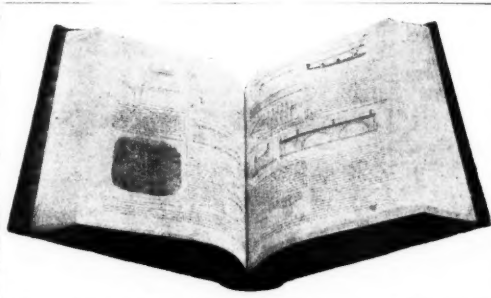
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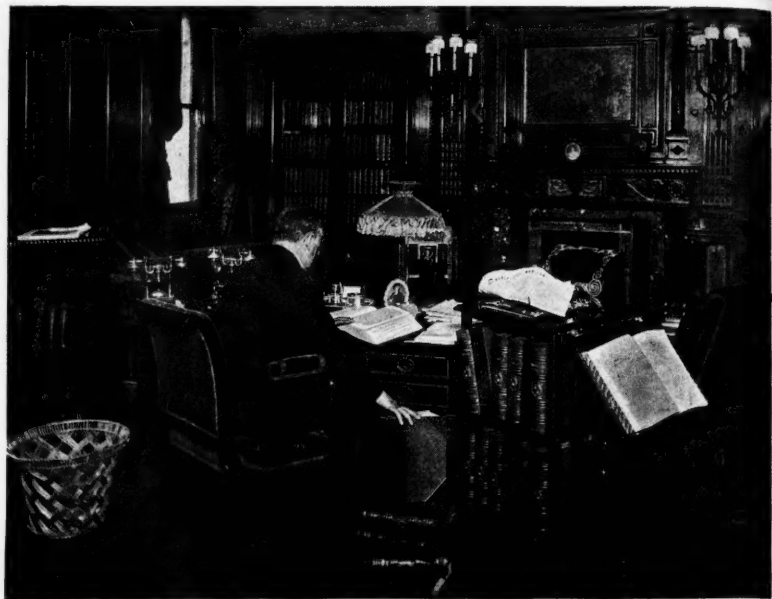
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# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.—SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Chairman—Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK, Bart., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.



## APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 286 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends are quite inadequate for the purpose. The Committee are confident that in their endeavour to provide the brave Lifeboatmen, who nobly hazard their lives in order that they may save others, with the best possible means for carrying on their great work, they will meet with the entire approval of the people of this the greatest maritime country in the world, and that their appeal will not be made in vain, so that the scope and efficiency of our great life-saving service, of which the Nation has always been so proud, may not have to be curtailed.

The Institution granted rewards for the saving of 501 lives by the Life-Boats in 1899, and of 108 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1899, being **609**. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December, 1899, **41,842**.

It should be specially noted that the Life-Boat Crews, excepting when remunerated by the owners of vessels for property salvage service, are paid by the Institution for their efforts, *whether successful or not*, in saving life.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. : by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

[P.T.O.]

# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

*Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.*

## GALLANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICES IN 1899.

### GORLESTON, SUFFOLK.

At about 12.5 a.m., on the 30th September, 1899, the Coastguard on duty reported to the Coxswain of the Life-Boat that a vessel was showing signals of distress off Great Yarmouth. At the time a whole gale was blowing from S.E., the sea was very heavy, the weather was thick and rain was falling. The crew of the Life-Boat *Mark Lane*, belonging to the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, were summoned, and a message for a steam-tug was despatched by telephone; but it was ascertained that one could not be obtained until daylight. The Boat then attempted to sail out, but was driven back, and therefore made for Yarmouth. Having succeeded in there obtaining the services of a tug she proceeded in tow to the vessel, and found her to be the schooner *Lorne*, of Aberystwyth, bound from Yarmouth for London, in ballast. She was riding very heavily, dragging her anchors, and her windlass was broken. She had left Yarmouth two days previously, but had been compelled to put back through stress of weather. Her crew of four men were taken into the Life-Boat, which was then towed to a windward position to enable her to sail back to her station. The Life-boat men stated that the sea on the bar and for half-a-mile out was the heaviest they had ever experienced. In returning, with the drogue out, the sails furling down to a goose-wing, and the forward ballast-tanks empty, one terrible sea pooped the boat; every man on board was under water and it was estimated that the boat—the behaviour of which they warmly praised—was carried by that sea a distance of at least two hundred yards.

### CAISTER, NORFOLK.

On the 8th November, the Life-Boat *Beauchamp*, which also belongs to the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, saved, in circumstances of considerable difficulty and danger, the crew of eight men from the lugger *Palestine*, of Banff, which, while making for Lowestoft from the fishing-grounds, stranded on the Cockle Sand in a strong gale from SSW. and a very heavy sea. At 4 a.m., the watchmen at Caister observed signals of distress in the direction of the Sand, followed by signals from the Cockle Light-vessel. The Life-Boat was launched as soon as possible, and, proceeding under storm canvas across the Barber Sand, bore away for the Cockle Sand. By this time the flares had disappeared, but the shipwrecked men had hoisted a small lantern on the mast; this light guided the Life-boat men to the scene of the casualty, and on nearing it the cries of the men shouting for help were distinctly heard. The Life-Boat anchored and veered down towards the vessel, intending to pass a rope to her, but the after part of the Boat touching the ground put her nearly out of control, and being struck on the port bow by an enormous sea, she was carried directly on to the deck of the wreck which was sunk on the sand, only the fore part being above the water, and to this portion her crew were clinging, being continually drenched by the enormous seas which washed over them. The Life-Boat had her bow smashed and received other injuries; but having been got clear of the wreck, a rope was passed to the men, and the Boat approached near enough to rescue them. They were in a thoroughly exhausted condition and the master and a boy had a narrow escape, as in jumping from the vessel they missed the Boat and fell into the water; but they were grasped by the Life-boat men, and safely taken into the Boat. During all these operations, mountainous seas continually broke over the Life-Boat. The lugger entirely disappeared ten minutes after the men had been taken off, and it is a fortunate circumstance that they took the precaution to hoist the lantern when the flares went out, as this light, although a small one, was the means of directing the Life-boat men to their assistance, thus avoiding loss of time in searching for them in the intense darkness which prevailed at the time. Having got all on board, the Life-Boat anchored until daylight, when the steam-tug *Gleaner* was signalled for and towed her to Caister, where the men were safely landed. On beaching the Boat, it was found that the collision with the wreck had seriously damaged her, and she was therefore taken to a shipbuilder's yard at Great Yarmouth, where the necessary repairs were executed.

In recognition of their specially good services on this occasion, an extra reward was granted to the crew of the Life-Boat, by the Committee of Management of the Institution, and the men had the gratification of receiving from those whom they had rescued, a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"MR. JAMES H. HAYLETT,

Caister-on-Sea,  
Coxswain of the Life-Boat *Beauchamp*,

"DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, being the crew of the Scotch boat *Palestine*, which was wrecked on the Cockle Sand during the night of Tuesday last, gratefully and sincerely tender to you and your brave crew our thanks for the courageous way in which you came to our rescue, and after many dangerous attempts succeeded eventually in saving one and all of us from a watery grave. We further beg to assure you that we shall remember your heroic services as long as we are spared, and would be much obliged if you would give publicity to this, our thanks, in the *Yarmouth Independent*.

"We are, gratefully yours,

(Signed) GEORGE MAIR,  
WILLIAM MAIR,

For ourselves and remainder of crew."

[P.T.O.]

# Scottish Widows' Fund

## Mutual

# Life Assurance Society

### The Saving effected to Policyholders By the Society's Mutual System

is shown in the following Statement, founded on the Profit divided among them for the seven years to 31st December 1894, amounting to **£2,064,073**, from which it follows that as the proportion of Profit received by Shareholders usually varies between a tenth and a third of the whole,

#### The Saving for the Seven Years was

Deducting one-tenth .	£206,407	Deducting one-fourth .	£516,018
Deducting one-fifth .	£412,814	Deducting one-third .	£688,024

Of course, over an average lifetime the saving so effected amounts to an enormous sum, and accounts mainly for the unusually large Bonuses added to Policies of all durations, as fully shown in the Society's Prospectus, copies of which, with all needful information, may be obtained on application.

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LIVERPOOL 48 CASTLE STREET.	BELFAST 2 HIGH STREET.	BIRMINGHAM BENNETT'S HILL.

HEAD OFFICE: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

# SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY



## The Society's Resources

Funds . . . £15,000,000

Revenue . . . 1,600,000

## *The Whole Profits Realised*

*Are divided among the Members, there being no Shareholders to participate therein, as explained on next page*



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